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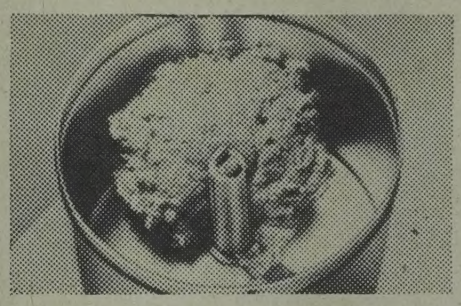

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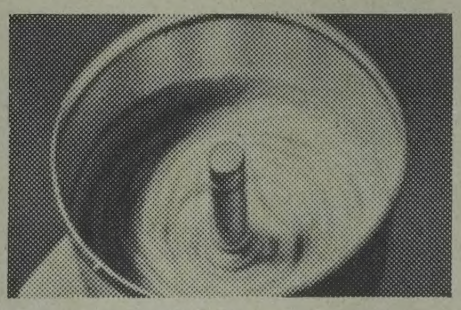

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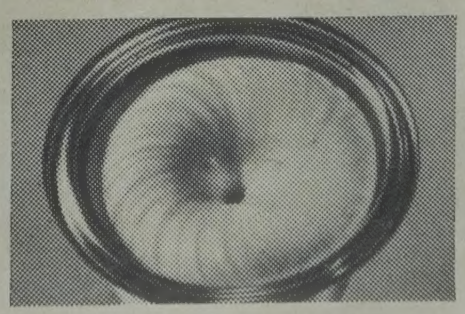

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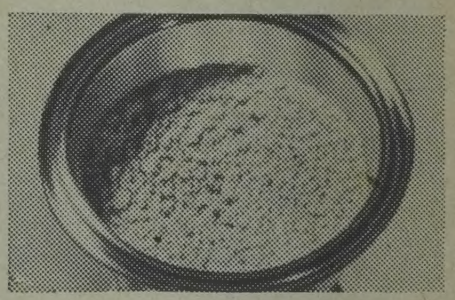

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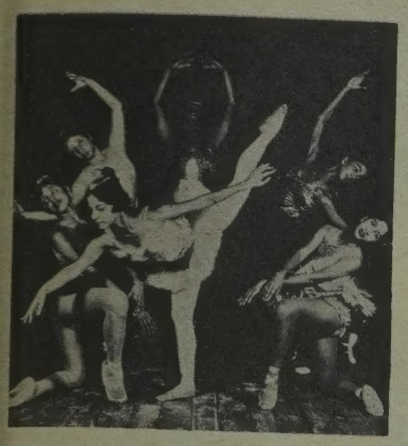

PHEROZA LALLY

Pheroza Lally, the first Indian member of the Royal Academy of Dancing, London, and a noted ballerina back here in India, comes from a family devoted to ballet. While her mother, Khorshed Lally, started the Bombay School of Classical Ballet and put Pheroza through her first steps, her father, Pheroz Lally, is her mentor, compere at her performances and co-choreographer of her dance items.

Teaching at three places in Bombay city, Pheroza hopes to promote ballet as a dance form in its own right in India. Unfortunately, no boys here go in for ballet, and the girls themselves are pliable but not persistent, says Pheroza.

The training her students get includes acrobatics and yoga as well as ballet, and this, coupled with the rigid discipline and diet-watching that are necessary for success, makes ballet a good means of building up young bodies.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

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this week

CAN BALLET SURVIVE IN INDIA ?

In a country already rich in diverse dance traditions, an alien form, with an obviously limited patronage, does not seem to have much chance of surviving. However, a few people are devoted to the art and determined to keep it alive. The rigorous exercises and strict discipline required from a would-be ballerina make ballet effective for building healthy bodies in children.

Page 8.

DIAMONDS OFFER EMPLOYMENT

The recent boom in the diamond industry has created some attractive opportunities for jobs and self-employment that women can take up.

Page 12.

VOGUE TO EVE'S

Two French women who have both been associated with Vogue magazine, one as model and the other as fashion editor, are interviewed in a special colour feature.

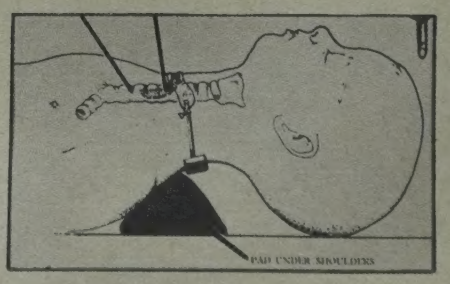
Page 17.

INFANTICIDE IN JAPAN

It seems incredible that the gentle, smiling, soft-spoken Japanese woman is capable of so heinous a crime as infanticide. But the underlying reasons for the crime, which is alarmingly common, take some of the onus off the women and shift the responsibility onto Japanese society.

Page 39.

HOARSENESS CAN BE SERIOUS



While some of the causes of hoarseness of voice are common and not too serious, some need early detection and effective treatment. Details about the causes and the extent of their harmfulness.

Page 41.

ALSO

Film Interview : Dev Anand, the eternal star-maker — **Pages 21,** Trapped : Part III of the four-part murder serial — **Page 22.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page & Horoscope/**7**, Beauty/**11** Frankly Speaking/**13**, Children's Page/**15**, Comics/**20**, Fashion/**24**, Cookery/**28**, True Confession/**33**, People Known & Unknown/**37**, People & Events/**44**, Hi Ya Honey/**46**.

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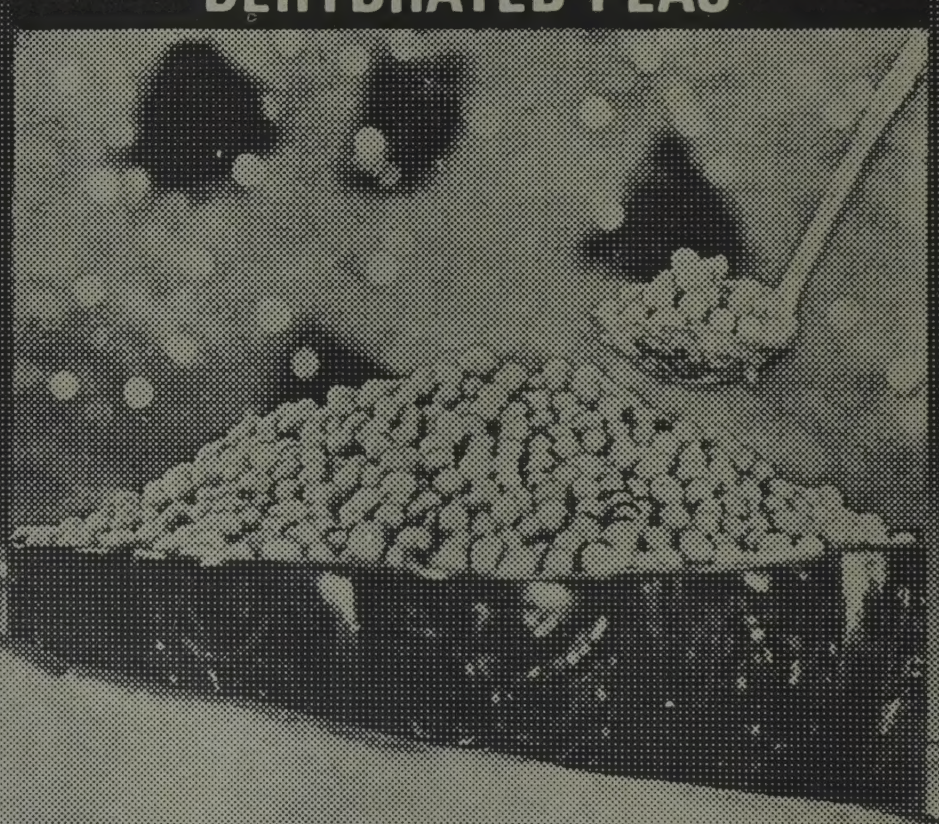

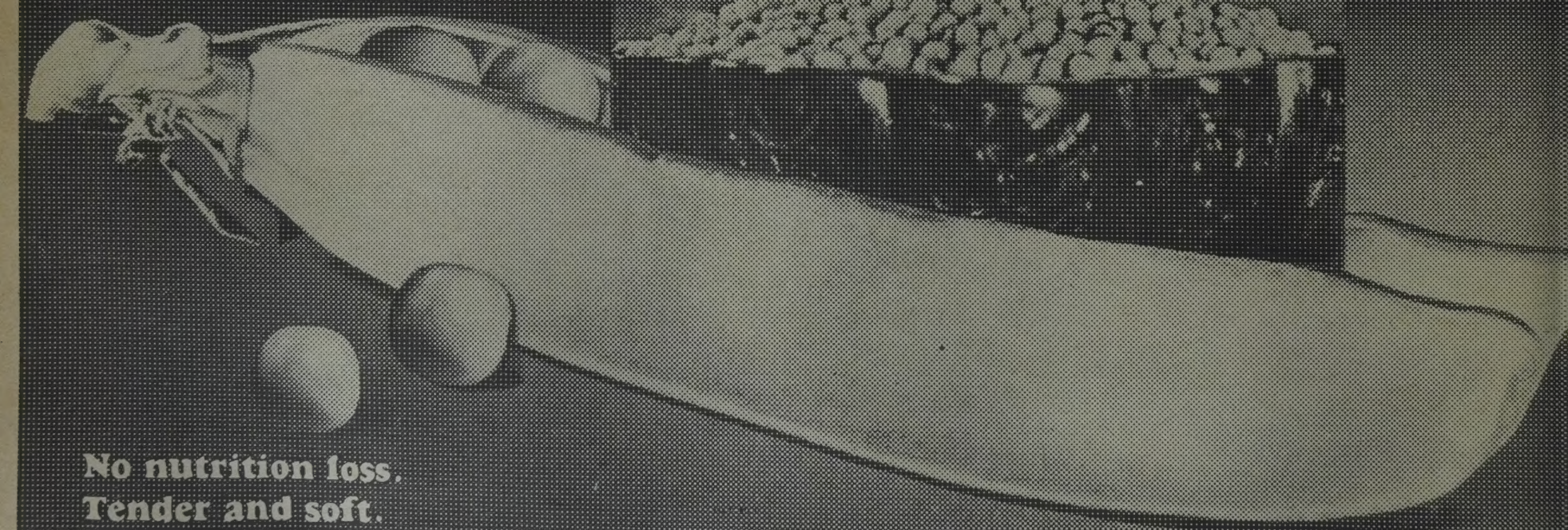

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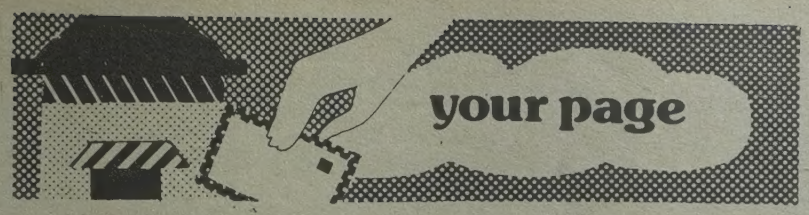


1st prize

SILKEN FETTERS

Everyone is intrigued as to why so much importance is attached to a woman's looks and her age, over-riding her other qualifications for a job, which is not so for a man. After all every job is not a model's job requiring classic good looks and perfect proportions. No doubt a young and beautiful face is easy on the eyes but should this be given so much importance to the exclusion of qualifications, which in actual assessment, are far more important and vital to the execution of the work? An interesting point, which is a complete give-away, is that men while giving undue importance to a woman's looks, are inclined to gloss over her other mental short-comings, which they consider as nothing unusual! It is nothing but male chauvinism at its worst. What they can't abide is an intelligent and efficient woman, who can upset their apple-cart. They feel it is a travesty and is contrary to the accepted pattern of life — the intelligent and superior male dominating the soft-spoken female, with low mental faculties. A good-looking, vapid girl trailing behind the brilliant executive serves a double purpose. She acts as a foil to his brilliance and capacity while at the same time adding to the decor of the place. This anomaly will disappear when women begin to occupy more and more important and commanding posts, for selection will be then on merit and not on appearance.

As male chauvinism thrives on highlighting woman's weaknesses to make her subservient in every way, it is for the woman to be strong and determined to break through these gossamer, silken fetters, which flatter only to bind her.

Miss E. Dhamayanthy Devasundaram, Madras.

A pretty face will still be the prime consideration for many of the jobs traditionally "reserved" for women. But, it is not true any more that the male employer, no matter how chauvinistic, will disregard merit and qualifications and opt for looks. Of course, a combination of both would be ideal... but no, do not underestimate the modern executive.

2nd prize

ALL THIS AND . . .

After reading the article on Genetic Counselling (EW, April 22), my heart goes out to the parents of marriageable daughters.

In our country, while marriage is considered an obsolute necessity for a girl, it is at the same time so hedged in with restrictions as to make it a Herculean task. In any conservative marriage the bridegroom has to be of the same language group, religion, caste, of a family with the same social and economical status, as the bride, educationally should be on a higher level or at least the same as the girl, the astrologer should consider his horoscope compatible with hers and, last but not least, the bridegroom and family should approve of the girl after a "viewing."

And now we are told the couple should be geneticalIy tested, too! It may be some consolation to parents to hear that my sister discovered, late in life, that according to the opposing blood groups she and her husband belonged to, she should have had abortions, stillbirth or retarded children. Whereas she went on to have two normal confinements and her children turned out to be bright and intelligent.

A Mother

Your sister and, perhaps many others have made it without genetic counselling. But that does not reduce the importance of its usefulness. We should strive for the day when we can eschew all the other marriage hassles that you talk of, and be more precise and knowledgeable in our approach to marriage.

3rd prize

GIVE AND TAKE

The recent ruling by the Delhi High Court that a wife has an equal say in selecting the place of the matrimonial home, especially in cases where the wife is earning more than the husband, will be widely welcomed by women.

As the court has pointed out, the sopuses cannot live on love alone and therefore it would be wrong to compel a wife to resign her job to live with a husband who may not be able to maintain them at the appropriate standard of living. It would also be unconstitutional in that it would violate Article 14 which guarantees equality before the law. The court rightly advocated a spirit of give and take in such cases.

This enlightened interpretation of the law will create its own problems in such marriages. Husbands are initially bound to resent the ruling. They might feel it a slur on their manhood that it diminishes their dominant position as head of the household. If they are immature individuals they might allow this grievance to eat into the fabric of the marriage so that it is ultimately destroyed. Even a mature husband might take some time to adjust himself to the fact that his wife is at last really equal to him in the eyes of the law. Wives will, therefore, have to show a great deal of patience and love to overcome these fears

Mrs. P. Chandrayani Bombay

So, the husbands will display resentment and fear and the wives will display patience and love. So much for 'give' and 'take'. All the same, we agree this problem is going to cause both heart-burning and heart-searching, and it remains to be seen how well it will be solved.

this week for you

K. H. Shroff

For the week May 20 to 26.

ARIES (March 21 — April 19) A few home truths are called for. Change to higher status with increased remuneration likely. Favourable days: 22-23.

TAURUS (April 20 — May 21) Home in unsettled state. Attention necessary in purchase or sale of property. Short trips helpful. Favourable days: 25-26.

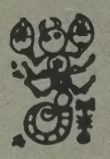
GEMINI (May 22 — June 21) Journeys and fulfilment of engagements hampered, but such happenings will prove beneficial to your interests. Money due to you is paid. Favourable days: 20-21.

CANCER (June 22 — July 22) International financial changes bring windfall despite unsettled conditions elsewhere. Love planet brings occasions for new outlook on life, especially for younger folks. Favourable days: All days.

LEO (July 23 — Aug. 23) A tough time for people in authority. Skill and ingenuity required to solve problems. Very cool head necessary. Tension should be avoided. Favourable days: 23-24.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 22) Influential people prove helpful to your ambitions. New associates in social rendezvous prove beneficial. Recoupment in health and chances of travel indicated. Favourable days: 25-26.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22) Better climate and auspicious occasions in domestic area. New investment and more residential accommodation likely. Good luck favours artists and aviation people. Favourable days: 23-24.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22) Restless conditions prevail. Necessary and beneficial to bide time. Favourable days: 24-25.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21) Financial encouragement and better luck helps satisfy many domestic responsibilities. Romantically inclined Sagittarians should be careful in their clandestine connections. Favourable days: 20-21.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19) Consistency and perseverance are twin virtues which pay good dividends to Capricornians. Assured success in discharge of duties and performance of jobs undertaken. Favourable days: All days.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 — Feb. 19) Week of confrontation and tension. Extreme cleavage in ideas with colleagues and family members prove disruptive. Favourable days: 23-24.

PISCES (Feb. 20 — March 20) Excellent time for artists and publicity people. Love life responsive. Favourable days: All days.

does BALLET

Dangling the petit point shoe by its glossy ribbon, I could hardly believe the 90-odd pounds that make a ballerina can be balanced on a mere square inch of padded pink satin! "Oh, toe-torture is part of a ballet-dancer's life," dimpled Pheroza Lally, the first Indian member of the Royal Academy of Dancing, London, as she ruefuly displayed plastered blisters and then jumped up to pirouette gaily and strike impossible poses, a breathtaking vision of grace and suppleness.

It was Khorshed Lally (P's mother) who started the Bombay School of Classical Ballet in 1958 and put Pheroza through her first steps. Even as a child-performer (her maiden stage-appearance was at an incredible two and a half!) she drew rave-notices from critics who claimed she had "the assured smile of the arrived ballerina." Sensing her dedication (the day their house caught fire P was actually dancing inside, oblivious to the blazing inferno and the last-minute rescue left her with only the ballet-costume she stood in), the Lallys sent her to the Arts Education School, London, the Italia Conti Stage School, followed by training under Ruth French, Premier Danseuse of the Anna Pavlova Ballet Company.

In 1968, a Soviet scholarship took her to the USSR where she spent a thrilling three years at the Bolshoi.

"They make you tingle from your toes to the crown and even at the first lesson make you feel you are an artist through and through!" sparkles P; at the end of her term under Alla Mixaelovna Laenina she got a certificate with an 'otlechno' ('excellent'). She is also a Licentiate of the Royal School of Music.

It is in Russia that the ballet of today took shape, the Russian genius enlarging on the traditions created by all that was best in France and Italy (particularly Enricho Cechetti). Besides, the ballet was characterised by a harmonious blending of the indigenous popular dances of the serfs and peasants and the sophisticated court dances imported from abroad. While the Moscow (Bolshoi) and Leningrad (Kirov) schools both follow the principles laid down by Agrippina Vaganova in her 'Fundamentals of Classical Ballet' at Leningrad, (Arnold Haskell feels) the stress is more academic while Moscow is livelier and keener on experiment.

"Lissome, slender, with sloping shoulders and prominent collar-bones is how a ballerina-to-be should be," says P, but concedes that exercise can tone down some defects. Speaking of her pupils (she teaches at three places in the city and has about 55 pupils), she laments that they are pliable but not persistent. "They come thinking it is just prancing about and drop out when they see the sweat and tears involved."

ABOVE: Pheroza Lally and pupil strike a pose.

RIGHT: "They come thinking it is just prancing about and drop out when they see the sweat and tears involved."

The girls (another sore point—there are no boys as yet) are taken in between six and 13; while it takes ten years to be classed as a ballerina, only one in a thousand actually finishes the course! "I train my students in acrobatics, yoga and ballet and this helps them perform every international dance."

Mention must be made of Pheroz Lally, her father, mentor and compere at her performances, without whose help Pheroza "would not have been able to achieve anything!" To help her perfect her art, he has taken private lessons in the Methodica of ballet during his six trips to London, and they choreograph her items together. It was he who sat unflinching by her bedside while she recovered from her drastic 60-feet fall (we covered this in our issue of February) and he who cheered from the wings when she made a spectacular comeback just 11 months later.

A word here about ballet-technique: All ballet begins with five basic positions of the feet (the 'closed position,' when feet touch or the 'open positions,' where the feet are parted) and arms (hands gently clasped in front at waist level; arms outstretched each side at shoulder level; both arms raised upright over the shoulders etc.) From these spring the leaps, the glides, the pirouettes and the arabesques that paint an emotion, narrate a tale and create a world!

Mime, another important part of ballet, has over a couple of dozen recognised movements and gestures generally used in classical themes and this too is part of the basic training in ballet; for example, the lips touched by a finger denote a kiss, hands over the heart indicate love. Exercise always starts at the 'Barre' — i.e. at a bar or rail attached to the long wall of the studio (from grasping it nervously the pupil evolves to just touching it lightly). Then comes the centre-practice, away from the bar and it is here that the supple movements originate, the principal ones being the 'plie' or the knee-bend and the turn-out of the leg from the hip, at an angle of 90 degrees.

All this was only to show that a ballet dancer reaches fame and ovations via the very weary path by which any of our own classical dancers of repute have travelled. But can ballet ever gain a strong foothold on the cultural scene in India? I asked Dr. Sunil Kothari, the well-known connoisseur of classical Indian dance; Sunil by the way, has done one book on Bharata Natyam, another on the appreciation of classical Indian dances and two publications in Gujarati besides his thesis on 'Dance-drama Tradition and the Rasa theory." As delegate to the dance-section of the World Theatre Congress he spent three weeks at Kirov and as member of the International Council of Dance (based in Paris and sponsored by UNESCO) Sunil has viewed ballet classes at France, Italy, Switzerland, Brussels and London.

Speaking of ballet abroad, Sunil naturally gave star-rating to the Kirov and Bolshoi schools but also glowed about the Stuttgart Ballet, Germany, which "has arrived with a bang." He also commented that the Royal Ballet School, London, was largely traditional while the American Ballet had both classical and modern leanings.

Speaking of their relevance to our classical dance-forms Sunil had this to say — The first Indian to perform ballet was Uday Shankar. Trained by the inimitable Pavlova he danced in her ballet 'Ajanta Frescoes', playing 'Krishna' to her 'Radha'. In India he formed a dance-troupe incorporating the Western principles into the Indian concepts of dance. The music was written in advance and movements were set to it. There was no interpretation of songs (which is a common tradition in the Indian dance-drama) but his showmanship was unique and the performances unforgettable.

Uday Shankar, Sunil comments, has some following in Sachin Shankar, Narendra Sharma and that masterly choreographer Shanti Bardhan whose 'Little Ballet Troupe' has staged 23 dance-dramas. To illustrate Indian ballet, which is composed of songs interpreted through dance there is the Kalakshetra of Rukminidevi Arundale, Darpana

have a future in India?

Is Western ballet superfluous in a country already rich in dance traditions?

Shailaja Ganguly

of Mrinalini Sarabhai, Yogendra Desai's troupe or the notable contributions of Ram Gopal, Kumudini Lakhia, Vyjayantimala, Kamala, the Jhaveri sisters, Birju Maharaj to mention a few. All of them draw on the vast repertoire of our cultural treasury and spin out the tales of Gods and Goddesses through bewitching movements set to enchanting music.

While Western ballet imposes as severe a discipline, Sunil feels that it would be difficult to transplant it on a soil as ours which is already reaping the rich harvests of a rich heritage. Apart from the very important fact that it would get minimal state support (being an alien art form), Sunil points out that its 'clientele' would be limited as it can make a lasting impact only on an audience which is familiar with and keenly appreciates Western music. While he definitely applauds the superhuman efforts individual enthusiasts like Pheroza Lally or Trushnamiti Darukhanawala are making to inculcate interest in ballet, Sunil stresses that it is an alien and an expensive medium to take roots here.

Even Diaghilev, the impressario and presiding genius of Russian ballet in its prime, once said, "My dancers are jewels lost without their proper setting." According to Sunil "what we can take from them is their excellent showmanship and teamwork."

"I am for fruitful experiment, for giving the young a chance to express themselves fully even if at times they go too far," wrote danseuse Ulanova in 'Izvestia' and a dancer of this genre of contemporary dance is Asha Coorlawala whose interpretations, Sunil feels, are more in keeping with the times.

A ticklish point was raised by Ranjana Jhaveri (the noted Manipuri exponent) when she said to me, "Not all our girls would be willing to throw up a leg or to be lifted by a male partner—you see, in a tradition-bound society we are not mentally prepared to assume such positions on a stage!"

There are some other negative points also. As Pheroza explained, since it is a Western art form, a huge chunk of the proceeds of a stage-show goes to clear the Entertainment Tax (not to mention the payment to the theatre, the accompanists, etc.) which leaves next-to-nothing for the performing artist. Besides, her tuition fees are very moderate, which only means, "You cannot live off ballet-dancing." Then there is this government ban on the import of shoes which means that the dancer has to rely on gifted parcels to get her precious 'point' shoes which cannot be manufactured locally. But all this can be settled by making a strong representation to the right quarters by inciting public opinion, said a confident Sunil.

Speaking of the 'mini-renaissance' in cities where classical dances are the rage and daily the press teems with reports of yet another 'arangetram' Sunil hotly denied my suggestion that it was just a glamorous manifestation of a culture-vulture society. "There are several dancers of promise and even if they cease to be professional they will help to form the keen and critical audience which a true artiste longs for."

Just like any other classical dance-form, ballet, at its purest, is the total expressiveness of the body — "It is thought and emotion, will and instinct — It is grandoise simplicity — Pavlova's final flutter as the Dying Swan or Plisetkaya's Everywoman in 'Spartacus' sending her man to war or a Ulanova's Giselle transforming a sentimental anecdote into a deathless tale of love." Above all, it is the humility of any artiste that helps him "express the truth of human relationships" (Ulanova) and his artistry that metamorphoses the ordinary into an eternal work of art, limitless and universal in its interpretation; and from this springs the hope eternal of a dilettante of genius! So Pheroza continues to search for the ideal male partner for an ethereal pas de deux, to see a ballerina in every pupil of promise and to dream of a day when "talent and determination" will find for ballet a permanent niche of enlightened applause in India.

LEFT: "Lissome, slender, with sloping shoulders and prominent collar-bones is how a ballerina-to-be should be."

Alfred Allan

"Keep cool in ocm summer suiting"

TONE UP YOUR SKIN

Sushilla Vaswani

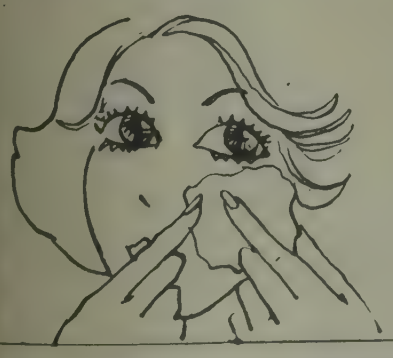
Soap and water alone are not enough for complexion care. You have to do much more if you want your complexion to glow

Skin toning is usually done during summer as in winter you may catch a cold. All types of skin can benefit from it. After the treatment you should not go in the sun for for at least two hours. This can be done once a week in case of women above the age of 25, and once a fortnight for girls between 18 and 25.

First cleanse the face well with cleansing milk or baby lotion.

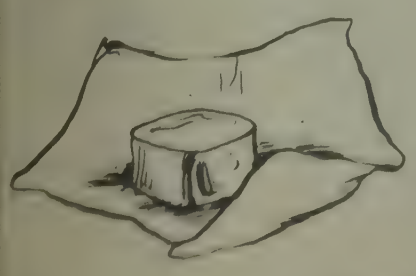
Steam the face for about seven minutes over a bowl of hot water.

Remove the blackheads using a tissue paper.



Now take a piece of ice and soak it in half a cup of rose water for five minutes.

Wrap the ice in a thin napkin and rub all over your face in circular movements for five to seven minutes. This will close the pores.



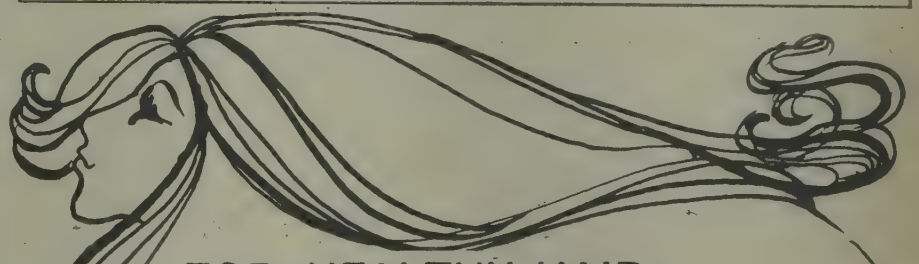
Let your face dry, then apply a face pack to suit your skin type.

Face pack for oily skin: Take two tablespoons of multani mitti and half tablespoon of sandalwood powder. Add to this four tablespoons of rose water and mix well to form a paste.

For dry skin: Take two tablespoons of multani mitti and half tablespoon of sandalwood powder. Add to this one teaspoon of almond or olive oil and rose water to make a paste.

When the face pack dries, rinse it off with warm water. Then splash cold water to shrink the pores.

Now give yourself another massage for five minutes and let your face dry. You will feel fresh and clean after toning up your skin.



FOR HEALTHY HAIR

HOT OIL TREATMENT FOR HAIR

The best treatment for dull, dry, falling hair, splitting ends and dandruff is hot oil treatment.

Warm a little olive or almond oil and soak cottonwool in it.

Apply the oil-soaked cottonwool along the hair partings at half inch intervals.

Then rub it into the hair thoroughly and give yourself a scalp massage for five to seven minutes.

Now dip a towel in very hot water, then wring it out and wrap it over your head till the towel cools.

Then dip it again in hot water and wrap your head.

Do this at least six to eight times.

Apply the oil and give yourself another massage for five minutes and repeat the hot towel treatment four to six times.

Tie a cloth over your head, then shampoo after two hours. For an ideal soaking, do this the night before the sampoo. Do not sit under a fan after the treatment.

This treatment can be done weekly.

Regular treatment will make your hair silky, smooth and soft.

HAIR CONDITIONING FOR WEAK HAIR

This is the best treatment for weak hair and can be done once a week. The treatment is usually done after the shampoo.

Shampoo the hair and when it is wet, take some conditioner on your fingertips. Apply it on the head and give yourself a scalp massage.

Follow this with the hot towel treatment — seven to ten times.

Pour two to three tablespoons of water in the hair and lather the conditioner, massaging the scalp for five minutes.

Repeat the hot towel treatment.

Cover your head with a plastic cap.

Rinse it after an hour — do not shampoo it as it had been shampooed before the application of the conditioner.

S. V.

Charulata Jhaveri — what began as a stimulating hobby has led to considerable success as a designer.

DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER

The saying "diamonds are a woman's best friend" becomes less banal considered from the point of view of employment

Jyotsna Sheth

With the recent boom in the diamond industry, some very attractive opportunities for jobs and self-employment have opened up for women — like the work of assorting, cleaving, designing and, for the more ambitious, even the direct challenge of buying and selling. The diamond appears to be bent on proving that it has much more to offer to a woman than mere ornamental appeal.

The earnings are generally commensurate with skill and experience — but even a simple job of assorting, that is, separating the stones according to size, colour, shape and brilliance, demanding little more than sharp eyesight, promises an income of at least Rs. 300 to Rs. 400 per month. And if one learns to cleave, the income can be anything from Rs. 1,000 to Rs. 1,500 — an encouraging avenue, when considers that nearly 25 per cent of the total employment is in this work. The best prospects, however, are in knowing how to value and appraise, for once this is mastered, the next step could well be an independent business. But to appreciate the opportunities better here is some background on the industry.

The earnings from diamond exports, standing at just about Rs. 30 lakhs in 1962, have in the current financial year scaled an enviable peak of nearly Rs. 400 crores—exceeding maximum hopes and the future seems bright at the moment. The diamond is a friend forever. People have begun to invest solidly in the compressed carbon crystals (diamond) as a possible, protective hedge against inflationary trends and fluctuating currencies. And with both Japan and America turning big buyers, the industry is experiencing an intoxicating boom.

Some of the costliest and world famous diamonds have been mined in India. Unfortunately today the local production, largely due to indifference and negligence, is almost minimal, and the trade relies heavily on imports. If it is yet able to chalk up a neat profit — the credit is entirely due to skilled but comparatively cheap labour.

The rough diamonds after import are processed and then the same re-exported. The Indian-cut which once suffered badly in comparison with the West is so vastly improved that in its finesse it now competes with the best in the world. And herein lies the strength and the secret of the industry's health.

The diamond trade, because of its very nature, is highly personalised and tightly-held chiefly by Palanpuris from Gujarat. Interestingly, while the trade is largely controlled by the Gujaratis, the ornament-setting continues to be dominated by Babus from Calcutta. It is also intensely labour-oriented and offers attractive opportunities both for jobs and self-employment. The investment required for setting up an independent unit for diamond cutting is exceedingly small, less than a fraction of a per cent of the turnover. In Navsari and Surat, nearly every other home is said to own a "ghanti" and with the spread of electricity even the remotest village in Gujarat has been able to benefit.

The family nature of the business initially attracted women to join and lend a helping hand in managing the administrative work. Gradually, as they began to master other skills also, they were absorbed in various other ways. They are appreciated for their loyalty and as being less likely than men to set up a competitive business on gaining experience.

To know something more about the opportunities open to women in the industry, I approached my friend, Satyavati, whose brother is one of the leading diamond merchants. There are many women, she says, attending the family business and a sizable number is also employed as assorters. . . "but the right person to meet for information is Mr. Mahendra Mehta, Chairman of the Gem and Jewellery Export Promotion Council," and she took me to him. His office occupies a floor in a residential building at Churchgate and in its discreet elegance, it is vastly different from the crowded "gaddi"

Ratna helps out in administrative work — this is any area many women in the industry are getting into.

LEFT: Assorting, or separating the stones according to size, demands little more than sharp eye-sight.

spread rooms, so common as Zaveri Bazar. Mahendrabhai is sauve, sophisticated and surprisingly knowledgeable on the romance and history of gems. It is, however, difficult to conduct any kind of conversation as there are continuous interruptions by telephone calls and visitors. He ruefully suggests that perhaps the best thing for me would be to leave my questions with him.

In the meanwhile he suggests I see Ratna, who has been with them for a couple of years and knows a lot about the business. Then he introduces me to Asha, his wife, who attends the office regularly and looks after the administrative work. I meet Ratna — she is much younger than I expected. "Women," she says, "can be assorters, cleavers etc. An apprentice is paid a stipend and the work is easily learnt in about six to eight weeks. Once the experience is gained, the earnings can rise upto Rs. 1,000 to Rs. 1,500 per month. An attractive remuneration considering the fact that there is no insistence on academic qualification. But there is a positive discrimination here — the women are paid much less than men for the same work."

handling. And once the skill is mastered, a person can earn a four-figure sum per month.

A woman may also operate a ghanti, he says, but it is a heavy work and demands considerable physical stamina. Instead it is better, he feels, to learn how to appraise and value as is being done by women in Bangkok, Germany, Hongkong and Antwerp, where they are proving hard bargainers like men — buying and selling packets worth lakhs of rupees without batting an eyelid.

The work can be in the nature of a family enterprise. A unit of about nine people, operating two ghanties (roughly Rs. 1,200 each) and a small bruiting machine (about Rs. 1,600) can generally make Rs. 3,000 per month net — a prospect which few other businesses could offer, considering the relatively small investment and the work that is easily learnt in about six to eight weeks.

Another area which women can explore with creative satisfaction and profit is that of designing. "With the business growing as it is, it should not be surprising," observed an established jeweller, "if the retailing of jewellery becomes completely dominated by women."

Charulata Jhaveri is a very successful designer. Initially it began as a stimulating hobby with the husband also in the diamond business "but the response received from friends encouraged me to take it up more seriously. And now as you can see. . . there is more work than I can handle." I could imagine the pressure for even as I was interviewing, clients kept trickling in.

Charulata's designs are basically oriental and delicate. Discussing them she says, "I mainly draw my inspirations from nature, from early sculpture. The ornaments, I feel, must compliment the dress and the personality of the wearer. The bold, abstract designs popular in the West are not really suitable for the saree or the petite Indian woman. The Western designer generally likes to emphasise the stone, while the Oriental tendency is more towards visualising, in terms of total, overall harmony. For myself, diamond being rather neutral in colour, I usually like to circle it with more vivid stones though at times I also leave it single."

Any woman who is interested in going in for designing, would do well to have some knowledge about the quality and value of stones. Unfortunately, there are few established institutes at present, and the only way open to learn is through personal contact with private firms. The need for more systematised training has since long been felt and happily there are now plans afoot to set up an Indian Diamond Institute school at Surat, where a comprehensive course is proposed to be conducted.

The potential there is immense. To put it succintly in Mahendrabhai's words, "Diamonds are becoming a woman's best friend... in more ways than one."

A young girl engrossed in cleaning — the remuneration is attractive considering the minimal qualifications necessary.

RIGHT: Bruiting is another activity women are involved in.

Mahendrabhai sends me his replies within a few days. "Thousands of women," he observes, are presently employed in assorting, grading the diamonds both in Surat and Bombay, earning anything between Rs. 300 to Rs. 400 per month. And if they learn how to value, the prospects are brighter." According to Mahendrabhai, bruiting, that is, shaping of diamonds on a lathe as per specifications, is almost completely dominated by women in Israel and Belgium — they are found best suited for them as the work requires not so much

Devi

Vinod Mehra: born with a dull "Janam Patri"

Dull Vinod Mehra's dull private life came to a dull end when he, an out and out filmi khandan man, married an out and out filmi khandan girl, to raise a brood of filmi khandan children.

On the eve of the wedding Vinod, between pegs and heavy breathing, whispered his fears. He thought he would be an old spinster all his life because of the gossip I wrote. No such luck. Some folks are born with a dull "Janam Patri." Leave alone my columns, but in spite of spare tyres Rekha and Moushumi, Vinod Mehra got married.

Rekha in her bridal attire of "Begani shadi me Rekha diwani" came to the Trishul premiere at Apsara. She kept pinching and hugging hairdresser Rabari, who was decked up like a bridesmaid. Rekha yelled and screamed and went into what looked like an orgasm as she watched Amitabh across the screen. Poor Rabari, half the time I could see she could not follow Rekha's jokes. Besides, she was dying to watch the film, but Rekha wanted to declare to the theatre (could not be Amitabh, since he was one row away, that too minus Jaya) that she was there.

Two doubles busy avoiding each other were Gulshan Rai-Yash Chopra and Salim-Javed. But finally they met on the dais and Gulshan Rai dragged Salim and dumped him near chief minister Vasantdada Patil — a seat on the C.M.'s right was a sort of consolation prize for scrapping at Salim-Javed's billings for "Trishul." In the jingles and radio ads, even Yunus Parveez is mentioned but not Salim Javed. They were not invited to the press show, lest they wash the Trishul linen to us pressfolks.

The villain this time is not Gulshan Rai, who is too harmless to be harmful, neither Yash Chopra, who is a director by Ittefaq, but Pam Yash's wife, who interferes with every reel of the film. Yash not only had to accommodate Pam's scene by scene suggestions but even her pudding faced brother and beady-eyed Bhabhi who enacted a minute shoddy scene

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How else does Farex fit baby's needs?
Farex fits your baby's special needs in many other ways. For example, your baby needs protein for the growth of his brain and body: Farex provides the right blend of easy-to-digest protein. Your baby needs energy: Farex provides carbohydrate to give your baby a reserve supply of energy.

Did you know that, when you brought your baby into this world, you gave him an important gift? Yes, you gave him a 3-month supply of iron for his blood. But it also means that when your baby is 3 months old, he will have exhausted his iron supply. And Farex contains enough iron to fully supply your baby's needs and keep his blood healthy. Another thing: Farex has enough calcium, phosphorus and vitamin D_2 to help your baby grow sturdy bones and strong teeth.

Why 3 months on?
When your baby is 3 months old, he needs help to develop his chewing habit. Otherwise, you may find him swallowing the solid food you give him later. That would cause him tummy-ache—and also affect his growth. If you give him Farex now, he will be better able to move to "grown up" foo later on—and to chew and digest it pro

When should you start him on "grown up" foods?
When he takes his first toddling step. That's when he begins to accept "grow up" food. You can then give him fruit, vegetables, dal, eggs. But don't stop Fa Your baby still needs its special goodn So, till your baby is 3 years old, mix Farex, with a little imagination and a lo of love, into baby's meals.

Baby's first solid food for rapid all-round growth

Kamal Aurora

SEEING IS BELIEVING

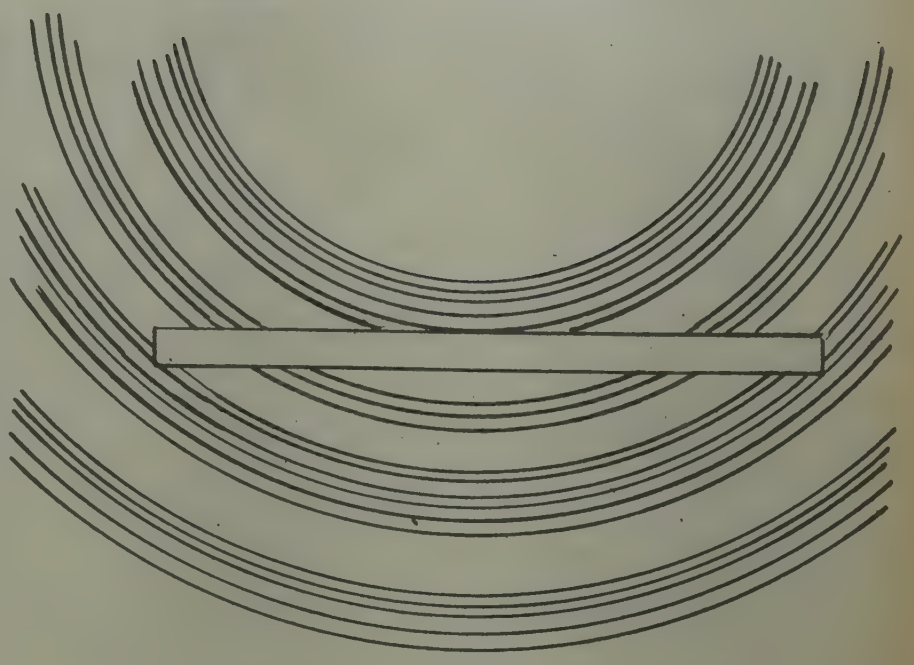
A. Which has the longer centre line — Figure 1 or Figure 2?

Figure 1.

Figure 2.

SEEING IS BELIEVING

B. Here we have a rule on a background of curves. Is the rule straight?



THE ADVENTURES OF omphy-momphy tuk tuk

"Mummy, can I bring a friend home for tea?" asked Omphy Momphy, who knew that whenever a friend of his came to tea, a special something was always prepared by his mother.

Omphy Momphy's mother put her head on one side and studied her son. "Hmm," she said, "which friend are you inviting?"

Omphy Momphy had not really thought about who to invite but was thinking of all the tasty things his mother would make. He thought quickly. "A new friend," he said, "a girl."

"What?" Omphy Momphy's mother was very surprised. "Now, this is really good," she said. "I am glad you have a girl as a friend too. Girls are great fun to play with."

Omphy Momphy thought of Kum Kum Kumari Kumaramangalikam. "She has a very long name," he told his mother, "longer than mine. Longer than Mum Mun's."

"Isn't that nice?" asked his mother.

"No," said Omphy Momphy Tuk Tuk, "It is not very nice. She also runs faster than Mun Mun and me. She wear spectacles and reads better than us."

"Then you **must** call your friend for tea," said Omphy Momphy's mother. "I must meet her."

Omphy Momphy met Kum Kum in class. "Will you come home for tea?" he asked. "My mother makes very tasty things to eat." "I'll come," said Kum Kum.

Omphy Momphy met Mun Mun. He asked Mun Mun to come to tea also. "I won't know what to talk to Kum Kum," explained Omphy Momphy, "and I can't keep running with her."

"She'll beat you at running anyway," said Mun Mun. "Maybe we can beat her at marbles," said Omphy Momphy. "Yes," agreed Mun Mun, "maybe we can win at marbles."

It was evening. Omphy Momphy, Mun Mun and Kum Kum were walking home for tea. "Do you play marbles?" asked Mun Mun.

"Not very well," said Kum Kum.

"We will play marbles," said Omphy Momphy.

"You both can play marbles," said Kum Kum.

"What will you do?" asked the boys suspiciously.

"I shall eat," said Kum Kum.

Not very happy with their new friend, the boys arrived home for tea.

"Hullo!" said Omphy Momphy's mother when she saw the children.

"Good evening Aunty!" they all chorused.

"So, you are the new friend," said Omphy Momphy's mother as she shook hands with the smiling girl.

"My name is Kum Kum Kumari Kumaramangalikam," said the girl.

"What a lovely long name," said Omphy Momphy's mother. "Come in. You must all be very hungry."

"I am," said Kum Kum. "But the boys want to play marbles."

Omphy Momphy's mother looked with surprise at the boys.

"Oh no!" said the boys in a hurry, "we shall play only after tea."

And what a tasty tea it was! They were really full! Omphy Momphy's mother gave them five toffees each as they ran out in the lawn. "Come on," said Omphy Momphy, "we shall play marbles." Kum Kum also agreed to play. "For each marble you lose, you have to give a toffee," said Mun Mun.

"Yes," agreed Omphy Momphy thinking of the five toffees he would win from Kum Kum. Grinning at each other the boys took out the marble box.

But it was not so easy after all. Kum Kum hit each marble at every shot and the boys really had to play very hard not to lose their toffees. In the end Mun Mun lost one toffee to Kum Kum and Kum Kum lost one toffee to Omphy Momphy. With a sigh of relief the two boys shared Kum Kum's toffee. They would have to think of some other game if they wanted to win from Kum Kum!

ANSWERS FOR SEEING IS BELIEVING:

A. They are exactly the same length.

B. The rule is straight. It only appears to bend downwards.

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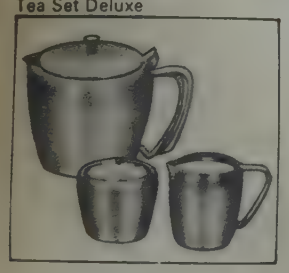
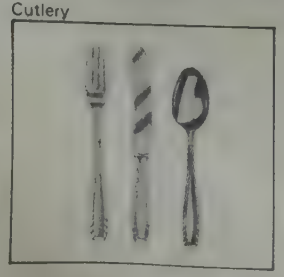
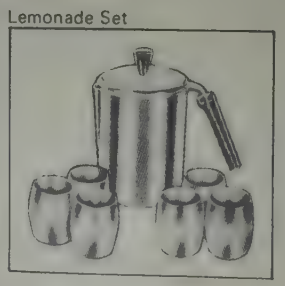


Cutlery



Lemonade Set



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FROM VOGUE TO EVE'S

Interviews with two French women

DANIELLA

Here's evidence that not all high fashion models from "Gay Paree" are snooty and aloof

Kasturi Wadhwani

Tall and lissome Daniella — Danny for short was certainly a pleasure to look at. Completely different from what one's conception of a French model is, Danny was entirely natural, free and unhabited. With her fluent English one can understand that she belongs to New York.

"How did you become a model? Did you always want to become one?" "Not really. I started learning dancing when I was only 4 years," she said with a smile. Later, she majored in theatre from the High School of Performing Arts in New York, which made her interested in theatre and dancing. She joined the university of Paris last year, but soon got fed up and decided to take up modelling. From what Danny left unsaid, one can presume that getting on to the stage proved difficult. But with her striking looks and grace, she excelled as a talented model, of top French magazines Vogue and Elegance. She also does live shows for the reputed fashion houses in Paris.

Danny in printed polyester georgette tiered skirt (above right) with a matching top and a tie collar at neck, and (left) a beige polka dotted top. Sleeves have a special Indian Churidar style cut, caught at wrist. She wears it with matching navy blue trousers. Outfits by Orkay Silk Mills.

With Danny, one can talk continously for hours. Comparing the life of an Indian model, she feels that they are much better off, in spite of the viscious competition in their profession. She comments on the gruelling rehearsals the Indians have before every fashion shows. They never go through these practises and more so the models are left to themselves to display the outfits as they wish Amidst one of the fashion shows she remarked blissfully, "We do not talk continuously while the show is on." She was obviously referring to the compere. Jokes and stories distract the onlooker from paying attention to the fashions. But talking too much is a very common and compulsive Indian trait.

Going back on their profession, they are paid according to the number of hours where a model here, is paid for an assignment irrespective of time.

A disciple of yoga, she has a body like elastic. To keep healthy and trim seems an obsession with them. In spite of having no weight problems, Danny religiously does her exercises and yoga.

To end with, Danny adds, "India is lovely with its relaxed and easy atmosphere."

Interview with Caterine Milinaire on page 19

FIRST TIME IN INDIA

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FROM VOGUE TO EVE'S

CATERINE MILINAIRE

The evolution of a career— Fashion Editor of Vogue, photography, writing, photojournalism

Jyotsana Kapoor

Mrs. Caterine Milinaire, a well known French photo-journalist was in India recently, to collect material and photographs for a book that she is writing on various celebrations and ceremonies all over the world, specially those which are pertaining to the family. A well travelled woman (she has travelled through Europe, Africa, South East Asia, Japan, Russia, Mexico and Venezuela), her articles and photographs have appeared in prestigious magazine like Vogue, The Sunday Telegraph and various other European publications.

Fascinated by India, its rich culture and traditions, Caterine says that she had been saving her trip to this country for a time, when she could spend atleast six months here as she had always felt that a shorter period would not give her the proper time to study the various aspects of this vast country. "But the first time I came here, I had only two days as I was passing through Delhi and took the opportunity to have a quick round of the city and visit Agra. On my second visit here this time I have spent a month but even this is not enough. I have hardly seen anything of the country except Rajasthan, Varanasi and Delhi. But I have enjoyed my visit and what I have really liked about India is its historic past and Indian people's conceptions about different things in life. They are so down to earth and their conceptions of time is really timeless. The sense of living here is totally different than what it is in the other countries of the world. I have also been greatly impressed by the politeness of people, feminity of women, sense of tradition and sense of family ties among everyone here."

Caterine, who is now settled in New York says, that France, the country of her birth, is also a country with traditions and a rich past which give its people a sense of refinement not existing in a modern country like America.

Caterine has written two books so far, 'Birth' and 'Cheap & Chic', which have both been best sellers. She began 'Birth', her first full-length book after giving birth to her daughter who is 7 years old now. "It was such a fantastic experience that I was inspired to write a book on it. I had no trouble giving birth to my child and I wanted others to share my experience. It took me three years to complete the book as I interviewed lot of people, but the book was an instant hit not only in America, but also in France and England. My next book 'Cheap & Chic' has also been translated in various languages. This book telks people how to dress up well and comfortably without spending too much money." Caterine who worked as Fashion Editor of Vogue for three years, says that she has now started disliking anything that is fashionable. "When people start saying that something has become fashionable, it really means that it has become outmoded. When everyone starts wearing the same thing it actually means that it has gone out of fashion. Indian saree is the only dress in the world which is something classical. It never goes out of fashion. And I think sarees are the most beautiful piece of cloth women can wear.

It was during her work as the fashion Editor of Vogue that Caterine decided to learn photography. "Working with photographers all the time, I realised that taking pictures was more interesting than getting new fashions photographed. It gave me a better chance to explore new venues and create something different everytime I picked up my camera. Moreover taking my own pictures helps me in my writing work too as I no longer depend on other photographers to illustrate my work. Now I travel around the world taking pictures as well as collecting material for writing purposes".

Caterine has also done modelling and acted in a few films in France. "I did not find acting creative," she says. "So I decided to leave it before I got too involved in it.

Having led such a varied life herself, she also believes in giving the same kind of life to her young daughter. She takes her around on all tours as she says that it is the best education anyone can get. "She learns tremendously this way. I think travelling is the best school. She knows so much about different customs, different religions and different people of various countries. I think I am giving my child a very practical education. she knows so much more about all the countries she has been to than any other child of her age. She enjoys travelling and has no difficulty in adjusting to different situations in different countries. And I feel, that the on the spot education I am giving to my daughter is much better than leaving her in one school to learn from the books."

At present, Caterine is very much involved in her latest book. "I have invested all the money that I got as advance from my publishers and also everything that I had earned from the sale of my other two books. I want to bring out a good book and so have been travelling around the world for almost six months and I will be travelling for another 3 months before I reach back home. All my books so far have been done in a chronological pattern. My first book 'Birth' dealt with the experience of giving birth to a child. He is born naked. Then he is made to wear clothes to hide his nakedness, so I wrote 'Cheap & Chic'. Then start the various ceremonies to herald his birth and so I started on my third book. The various ceremonies and celebrations may differ in all the countries but occasions for them are the same all over the world Birth of a child is a happy occasion all over and is celebrated with joy, though the ways of celebrating may differ from place to place. Collecting material for the book has been a very exciting experience and I have enjoyed every moment of it. But, I feel that my stay in India has been very short, as this is a country which is full of interesting ceremonies and rituals requiring much more time and attention. Yet I have tried to do my best in the limited time that I have had here."

Caterine loves her independence and says that she has been on her own since she was 16 years old. She has led a very varied and interesting life and wants her daughter to do the same when she grows up. "I am interested in living and not only making money. I want to earn enough to travel and give my child a good education," she says.

SURINDER KAUR: "A Complete Woman"

Mrs. Surinder Kaur heads the Press Information Bureau of Bangalore, as Information Officer.

"I took the Masters Degree in Science (Zoology) and wanted to do my Ph.D. when I got married. The only condition my husband stipulated was that I should not work. So I sat at home, felt useless, talked of nothing except cooking, vegetables, dhobi and such things. One day I analysed myself and felt that my mind was degenerating. I said to myself, this should not happen and decided to appear for the I.A.S. and Allied Services examination. I got selected for the I.A.S. and chose the Central Information Service and have never looked back since," said Mrs. Kaur.

After a 15-month training in journalism and mass communications in Delhi, Surinder was in Mussorie for four months learning the basics of administration. Her first job in 1970 was that of an asst. editor in the Publications Division, Government of India. Later she joined the P.I.B. as Information Officer (Railways), in which she continued till her posting to Bangalore in 1973.

Mrs. Kaur is emphatic that there are disadvantages for women in male dominated professions like hers. "Your colleagues are often not willing to accept you fully. Men always feel that women should not work when there is so much unemployment in India. Had she not worked, some man would have got the job, they feel.

"Also, most men seem to believe that women can never be as efficient as they.

She feels that a working woman makes a better companion to her husband and is more efficient in the management of her home. "I may not be with my children as much as I want to, but I am very particular to attend to their needs, their lessons, and their extra-curricular activities."

"I cannot always keep regular hours in my journalistic job, but my husband and I have learnt to adjust our priorities. I am forced to cut my social life to the barest minimum. I cannot be a house-proud wife nor wait on my husband. But he understands and cooperates, though he complains that 'he is the last in my order of priorities.' A career woman cannot be happy unless she has the full support of her husband. He must appreciate that a career makes a woman complete."

Shakunthala Balu

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

I AM SICK OF THIS MISERABLE WEATHER! IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY!
NOW, CALM DOWN, EMILY-
YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT THE WEATHER -
REMEMBER WHAT A WISE MAN SAID...
"GRANT ME THE SERENITY TO ACCEPT THE THINGS I CAN'T CHANGE.... GRANT ME THE COURAGE TO CHANGE THE THINGS I CAN CHANGE..."
IT'S THE PATH TO PEACE OF MIND!
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT -
IT'S A WASTE OF TIME TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THINGS I CAN'T CHANGE...
1-8
NOW, YOU LISTEN TO ME, HERBERT BUTTERWORTH...!!
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HA HA world of laughter

An optimist: A man who gets married when he's seventy-five and then looks for a house near a school.

* * *

A young boy boasted about his father to his friends: "My father was the first man to fly 10,000 feet with a stick in his hands."

"Oh, he was a flyer?"

"No," the boy said, "the pool-room blew up."

* * *

Prof: "Did you know that the human body is made up of 92 per cent water?"

Student (Looking at stacked girl at the next desk): "Yeah, but look what she did with her eight per cent."

* * *

I met a little shop girl
Her name was Tillie Gall.
And every time I kissed her,
She asked, "Will that be all?"

* * *

The old maid found a thief under her bed. She held a gun on him and telephoned the police, "Please send a cop over — in the morning."

* * *

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,
Jack jumped over the candlestick.
Alas, he didn't clear the flame,
And now he's known as Auntie Mame.

* * *

This one woman of ill-repute refuses to admit married men to her house. Her motto is, "I cater to the needy — not the greedy."

* * *

The devoted fiance ordered two dozen roses sent to his loved one on her twenty-fourth birthday, with a card: "A rose for every precious year of your life." The florist who was filling the order threw in an extra dozen because the man was one of his best customers. The wedding hasn't taken place yet.

* * *

Sign in bar: "If you drive your husband to drink — drive him here."

* * *

Two pigeons were flying over a parking lot and one said to the other, "Let's make a deposit on that Cadillac."

* * *

"What did you think of the fight last night?"

"Big deal. If my wife and I had a fight like that — the kids would boo us."

* * *

By the way, have you seen the new income tax forms? They're printing them on Kleenex. That's to keep you comfortable while you pay through the nose.

* * *

Then there was the girl who was so thin she could look through a keyhole with both eyes.

* * *

I visited a friend of mine at his funeral parlour and noticed two of the corpses suddenly sit up.

"What's that?" I exclaimed hysterically.

"Two of my partners," he soothed. "I just wanted the place to look busy."

* * *

Never underestimate a woman — unless you are talking about her weight or her age.

* * *

There was a pert lass from Madras
Who had a remarkable ass.
Not rounded and pink
As you probably think
It was gray, had long ears and ate grass.

Compiled by: George Fegradoe.

DEV ANAND: A PRECISE WORKAHOLIC

N. Bharathi

Maybe it is the years of experience he has behind him. Maybe it is an inborn trait in him. Or maybe it's just that I'm being partial to him. Whatever the reason, interviewing Dev Anand is always a pleasant task.

To begin with, Dev Anand is punctual. And he makes sure that an interview is conducted in the right way — no trimmings, like forcing tea down your throat, no stray visitors upsetting the conversation and, best of all, no making outrageous statements and then denying having made them the moment they appear in print.

As usual, Dev Anand picked up the phone (himself) and fixed up a meeting immediately. As usual it was in his Sun-n-Sand suite. As usual, he was ready and waiting and gave me a broad welcoming grin.

Dev is always quoted as a man with a mania for work. I know of other film men too who love to talk of their obsession with work. But Dev combines his mania with clockwork precision and efficient organisation. For instance when he's shooting he knows exactly which day he'll be free to talk to you (so that you don't have to hang around unnecessarily), or when he's editing or mixing or recording or tapping distributors. And once it's all done he keeps aside a month to breathe, to discuss last minute release plans and, yes, to handle his pre-release press publicity with a personal touch that's missing with other producers. As we go to press, he's busy screening "Des Pardes" for choice friends.

After one such screening I met Tina Munim whose name these days is invariably followed by the label: A Star Is Born. The new-born star dimpled and asked me petulantly, "You didn't like my film, did you?" Surprise! I did like it, I said. "But you didn't tell me anything about my performance when you met me just now," she accused. Well, how do you like what everybody is saying about you? "Oh it's too much," she confessed. "Imagine Nargisji saying that I'm better than Dimple! Dimple was just fantastic in 'Bobby'. I'm afraid people will expect too much from me after all these statements."

Dev Anand himself is excited that his latest discovery is being so widely discussed. Will she also make it like Zeenat Aman? "I don't know. She has done well in 'Des Pardes' and she is getting a lot of offers. She has already signed half a dozen good films before the release of 'Des Pardes'. I don't ask any of my artistes to sign a contract exclusively with me. But Tina consults me before accepting a film. And I have asked her to be careful and to go slow. Tina Munim is already a star. She's ready for any film maker with a good role for her. Whether she'll make it as big as Zeenat depends now on the roles and films that she will get in the future."

Dev admits that "Des Pardes" was a gamble. . . taking a new girl when Navketan needed a box office success after 'Bullet' and 'Jaaneman' flopped so badly. "I took a big risk, but I had to take it. The role demanded a fresh, innocent looking face which I couldn't have got from any established star. But I took the precaution of building up a good supporting cast with men like Pran, Bindu, Mehmood, Dr. Lagoo, Amjad Khan and Ajit."

With Zeenat and Tina's success behind him, Dev Anand has acquired the reputation of a star maker, a film maker who can make a star out of a raw girl. And so you find several girls in the industry (or rather, on the fringe) who claim to be Navketan girls. But Dev firmly points out, "Only Zeenat and Tina are Navketan girls. I met a lot of girls when I wanted a new girl for 'Des Pardes'. But none of them are Navketan girls."

Being a star maker isn't always easy. Besides the business aspect — an established star obviously fetches a better price for a film from the distributors than an unknown — the director, too, finds it difficult handling a novice on the sets. Dev admits that he had to be careful with Tina throughout the film. "I wanted her to look natural without too much make up. . . In the beginning I left her on the sets to get used to the atmosphere and to watch me with other artistes. Then I took easier shots with her first. Later, I went on to taking more difficult shots."

For a newcomer there's nothing like a break with Navketan under Dev's personal supervision. Invariably, the girls fall in love with the man while the latter reciprocates by building her up beautifully in the public eye. That's the stuff star makers like Dev are made of.

Photograph: Sanil

TRAPPED!

Mayah Balse

THE STORY SO FAR

Navneet and Chander were friends at college until the sudden death of the former's father made it necessary for him to take over the family business. Upon graduation, Chander accepted his rich friend's offer of a well-paid job in his Bombay store. Pritam Sinha, the in-charge of the store, initiated Chander into the routine—including a shady deal at the end of every day.

One day Pritam didn't turn up at the office and in the evening Lila, Navneet's pretty younger sister, came to keep Chander company. After receiving the black money, he went to keep it in the usual closet—and, to his horror, found the dead body of Pritam Sinha.

Chander finally managed to drag the body temporarily into the boot of a car in the parking lot under the store. Returning to pick it up in Lila's car, however, they discovered the car with the body in it had been driven off. Fortunately Chander had already removed all the identification papers.

Meeting Navneet the next day, Chander discovered that his friend apparently knew nothing of Pritam Sinha's murder, that Navneet had inherited the illegal business and had wanted to stop it, and that Sinha had been the kingpin of the show.

NOW READ ON. . .

"NAVNEET," I said, "you never told me that your father died a violent death in Hong Kong. He was murdered, wasn't he?" He looked sharply at me.

"Who told you that?" he asked.

"Lila," I replied. "She told me last night, when we were closeted in that damned establishment of yours, wondering how to get rid of Pritam Sinha's body."

"She wasn't supposed to know," he said. "I tried my best to hide the truth from her as long as I could. But may be she got wind of it somehow. The servants talk, you know."

"I was wondering," I said, "if there could be some connection between the two deaths."

"Two deaths?" he asked.

"Yes. Your father and Pritam Sinha's. After all they moved in the same circles, had the same friends and enemies. . ."

"You know," he said, "that's an idea. . ."

"If you could fill me in on the background of the business," I said. "The people in the game, your father's private life. . . it would help no end to unravel this mystery."

He looked at me, probably wondering how much he should divulge about the family. So far he had not spoken a word about his home life, his parents, though we had known each other so well in college.

He filled our cups again with hot coffee from the pot, which I was sure we'd allow to grow cold again. Then he started to tell me the story of his life.

"We lived in Hong Kong when I was young," he said. "But mother hated it. She hated the city with its unfamiliar smells, its sleazy night life which kept obtruding into our home in more ways than one."

"I don't get it," I said.

"There was a girl. Elsa was her name. A large blonde woman whom my mother detested. Father met her in a bar and then began to meet her secretly. I was very young at that time, so I only know what happened from the stories mother told me at the time. She belonged to an orthodox family from Ludhiana in Punjab, where the women didn't eat till the men had had their fill; where there were hymns sung every morning to herald the new day and thank God for his mercy.

"In Hong Kong, she didn't get even the food, let alone God's mercy. She would wait till the wee hours of the morning, for father to return, hungry and hopeful. But he never came because he was often spending the night with Elsa.

"Often I would wake in the middle of the night to hear mother crying bitterly. Then I would get up and go to her and she would pick me up and hold me close and tell me I was the only soul who loved her. I used to wonder then, why she didn't go out with father to those parties, and leave me with Baloo because he was with us even in those days. I realise now that she was a complete misfit there. She was hemmed into the four walls of her air-conditioned room and was miserable. No one suffered as much as her in those days. Even then she might have stuck to him, if it hadn't been for the final showdown.

"One night, on the day of the special 'vrata' which women keep to pray for the long lives of their husbands, he staggered in towards midnight with Elsa in tow. He was quite drunk. I got the story in bits and pieces from mother and later from Baloo. She was horrified at the sight of Elsa. She shouted at her to get out, but father, inebriated as he was, pushed mother aside and swept into the hall with hi arm round the blonde woman."

"'Oh, what a quaint curi cried Elsa, and went towards idol that mother had vener all morning and adorned wi flowers.

"'Is it an antique?' asked Elsa. Before mother could stop her she had touched it. Mother flew into a rage. She considered her 'vrata' polluted and said she wouldn't tolerate the alien woman in the house even for a moment.

"Father drew Elsa to him, as if she were his real mate and mother an intruder.

"'Well listen to this, you cow,' he said to his wife. 'Elsa is going to stay here in this house because she's pregnant with my child.'

"Mother took me and left for India soon after and we didn't see or hear from father again. But though he lived away from her he didn't divorce her, probably because he did not have too much faith in the fidelity of foreign women. Whatever it was, he kept sending mother money till she died. After her death, I joined a college in Bombay because I had finished my schooling and was quite sick of Ludhiana. Father would come off and on and stay with me in this flat. I never asked him about Elsa and he didn't broach the subject either, but he told me his daughter was in a finishing school in Switzerland and he gave me her particulars. He said I was to look after her, if anything should happen to him, because she was my sister."

"You mean Lila?" I asked.

"Yes Chander. Lila is Elsa's daughter. An illegitimate child because my father was never legally wedded to Elsa. Now that you know everything, how do you feel?"

"I feel the same," I said. "Oh Navneet, I care a whit about her background. You don't know how much I love her."

"I didn't mean to ask you about your feelings for her you sly owl, though thanks for telling me anyway. I wanted to know how you felt about me and the shady racket I've been saddled with."

I drew him to myself man to man and with a bear-hug to confirm my assertion said, "I'm with you Navneet. I'll see this dreadful rigmarole through to the end."

"Chander," said Navneet standing back with relief after his confession. "There's another thing you must know."

"What is it?"

"Lila doesn't know to this day about her dubious birth. I'd be

PART THREE

grateful if you kept the facts from her. They would hurt her."

"I understand," I said frankly. "Believe me, I'll spare her from the smallest anxiety."

The door behind us had opened, the one leading to the bedrooms, and she had come into the room, but we did not realise it till she had spoken.

"Are you talking about me?" asked Lila. We both whirled round wondering how long she had been standing there, how much she had heard.

"Yes," said Navneet quickly. "Chander was saying you were put to a lot of trouble last night."

"Yes," she said. "Of course, but Chander was with me and I was not afraid."

"Meaning you'd have been afraid if I were with you?" asked Navneet.

"Don't be silly," she said. "You're always pulling my leg. Is there any coffee in that pot, I'm just dying for a cup."

"It's probably cold," said Navneet. "I'll ask Baloo to get you some fresh brew."

The doorbell rang just then and a minute later Baloo came into the room ushering in a policeman. We all held our breath and I realised with a start that Pritam Sinha's diary and other

Dragged deeper and deeper into the intrigue, Chander finds himself out of his depths and struggling to cope

identification papers were lying helter skelter on the mahogany centrepiece where our coffee cups stood. Quickly I moved between the table and the policeman, blocking his view in the best way I could.

"Are you the owner of Tandon Enterprises, the shop situated on Colaba Causeway?"

"That's right," said Navneet. "Any trouble?"

"I'd like to ask you a few questions," he said. "If I may." He drew out his card to show Navneet he was from the law. Navneet waved him to a chair. I remained standing between him and the coffee table but wondered how long I would be able to do it, before it started to look awkward.

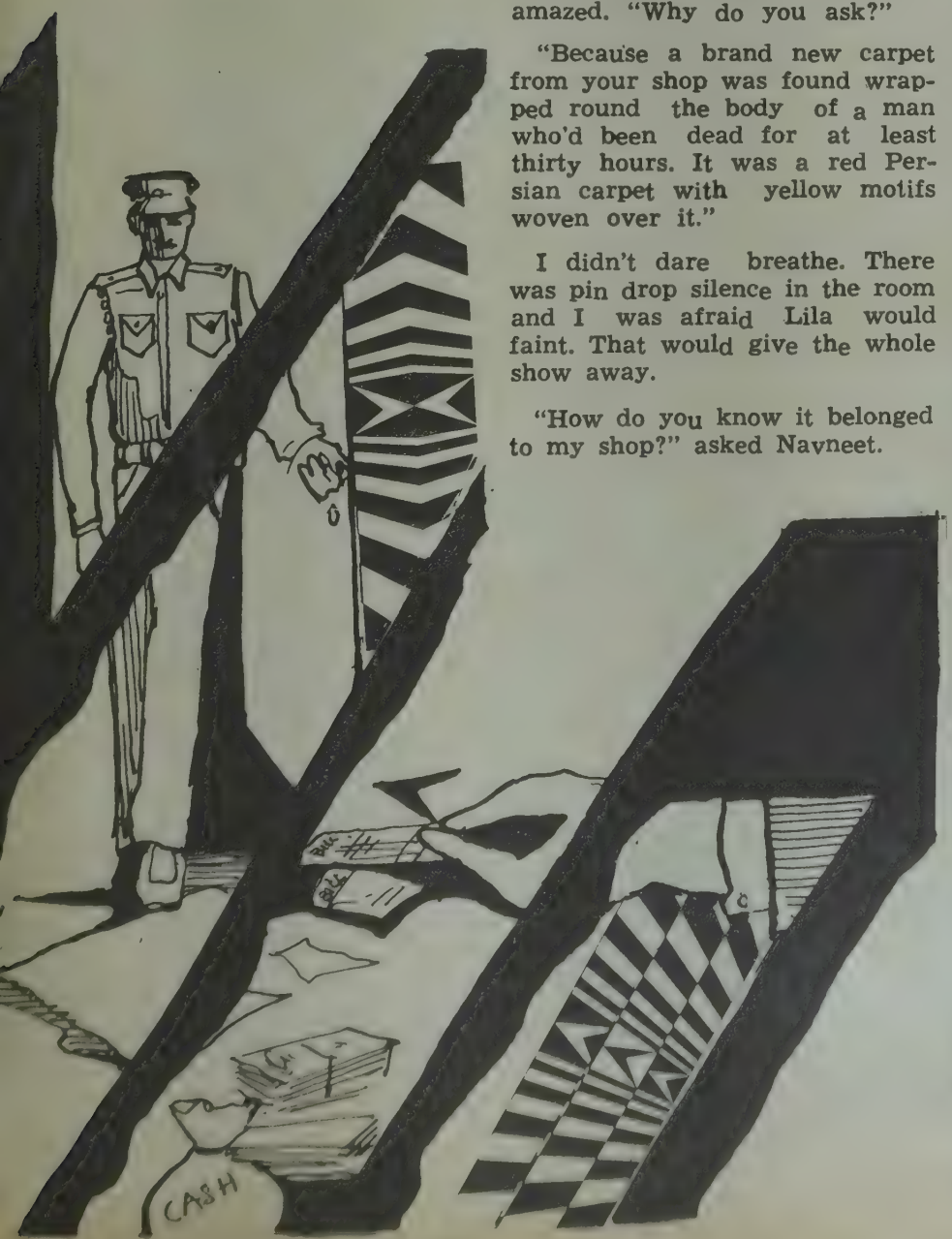
"When did you last sell a carpet?" asked the man.

"A carpet?" asked Navneet amazed. "Why do you ask?"

"Because a brand new carpet from your shop was found wrapped round the body of a man who'd been dead for at least thirty hours. It was a red Persian carpet with yellow motifs woven over it."

I didn't dare breathe. There was pin drop silence in the room and I was afraid Lila would faint. That would give the whole show away.

"How do you know it belonged to my shop?" asked Navneet.



"Because the name of your shop was printed on the price tag," he explained. "Whoever killed him, made sure to remove every bit of evidence from the dead man's pockets, but he forgot the price tag on the carpet. Quite an amateur it seems."

"Who was the man?" asked Navneet evidently more assured than me. My knees were turning to jelly. It was with difficulty that I was standing between the policeman and the coffee table.

"We haven't laid our hands on the murderer yet."

"I mean who was the murdered man," asked Navneet.

"We don't know that either. But hope to find out soon enough. The man who reported he had found a body in his luggage boot was a middle-aged government official living in Dadar. He said he hadn't bought any carpet in his life. He had no idea how the body got there. We asked him to recall the places where he had parked the car and he said he had parked it only in one place. In an underground car park just below your shop premises. He had gone for a late show and had only opened the boot of his car the next morning in order to put back the stepney he had given for repairs. That was when he had discovered the carpet with the body rolled in it."

"How ghastly," said Navneet.

"A terrible thing," said the Police Inspector. "But we'll solve the riddle soon. We've found many clues."

"Such as?" asked Navneet.

"Oh we don't want to bother you with needless details. We're sure you're in the clear. But we'd still like to make some investigations. For instance we'd like to make a search of your shop."

"What for?" asked Navneet. Even his voice showed fear now.

"Oh nothing. It's just routine. Nothing to be afraid of. Oh, yes. And we'd like to see the bill for that carpet you sold. It would be dated, say the day before yesterday. That would make it the 10th of June."

"The bill?" asked Navneet.

"There shouldn't be any problem about that surely. Your cashier should be able to find it at once. You do keep voucher copies, don't you?"

"Of course."

"And the person's name and address is entered on top in case of expensive items?"

"Oh yes," said Navneet.

"And a carpet, a Persian carpet at that, is a dreadfully expensive item. I mean you don't sell one everyday."

"Oh no."

"What time does your shop open?"

"10.30 a.m.," said Navneet.

"Oh fine," said the Police Inspector. "I'll be there at 10.30 with my team of men. The shoppers will be slack too at that hour. I wouldn't want to inconvenience you in any way."

"It's no trouble at all Sir," said Navneet expansively, while I sweated in my boots. Now where the hell was I going to produce a bill for the carpet in fifteen minutes flat. My watch showed 10.15.

"By the way," said the man before he took our leave. "My name is Inspector Som." Navneet shook hands asking, "Won't you have a spot of coffee Sir?"

Damn him, didn't he know Pritam Sinha's identification papers were lying on the coffee table?

"No thank you," said the Inspector. "I don't drink coffee every now and then. It makes me bloat about the middle. All that sugar I guess. And there's nothing as comic as a fat policeman."

And nothing as tragic as a scapegoat who's moved a corpse from point A to point B, I thought.

After he had gone, I flopped into a couch and wiped my forehead with a large handkerchief. Navneet got a bottle of brandy from his sideboard and poured each of us a dollop.

"You should keep some in the shop too," I said.

"Why?" he asked.

"For those times when you have to recover from the sight of corpses," I said. "A fine mess you've landed me in. Now where on earth am I going to produce a voucher for a carpet we never sold. If he finds the secret panel in the hosiery section we're doomed. Last night's bag of loot is stored there."

"I've got an idea," said Navneet.

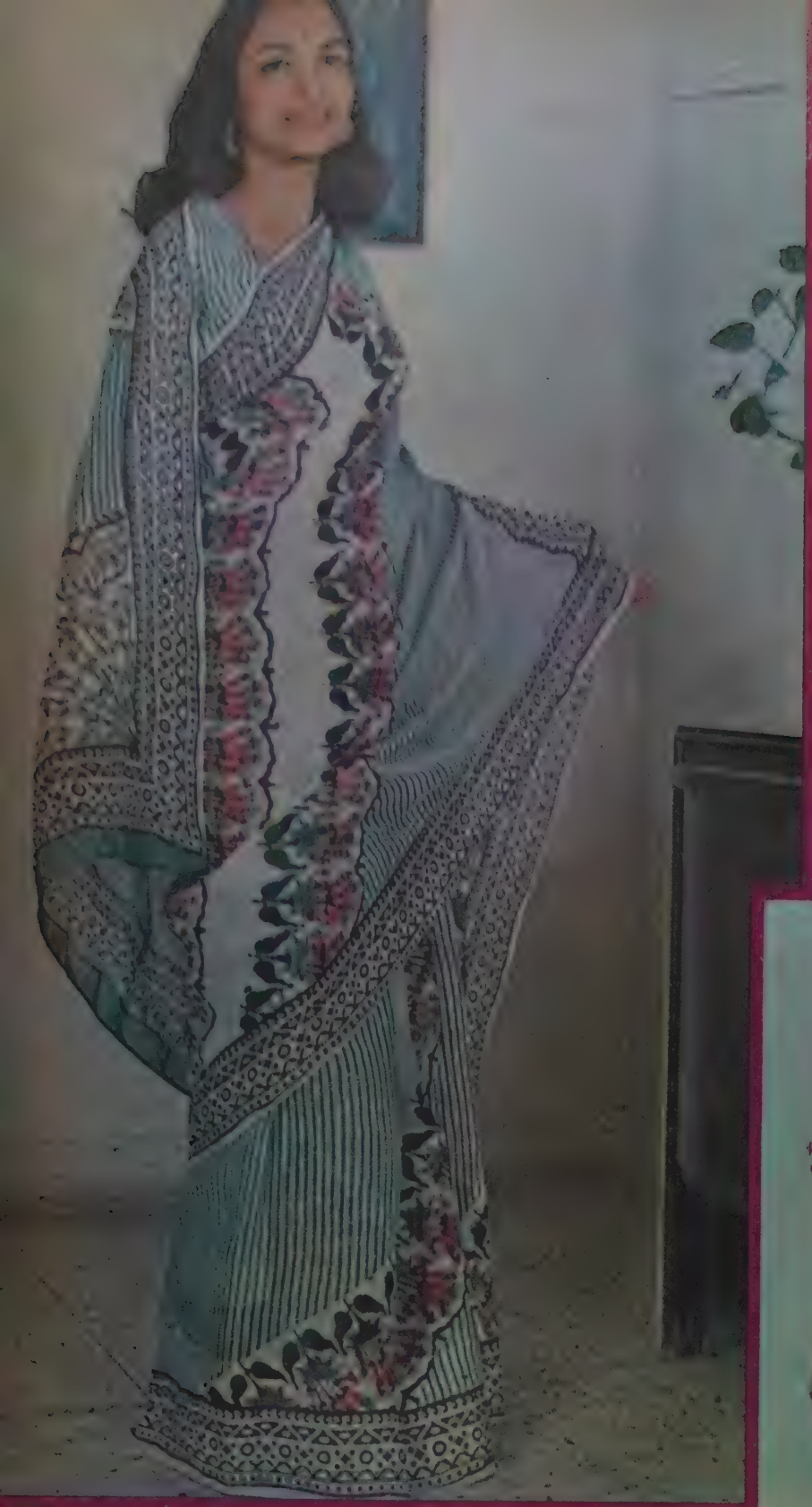
"Spill it," said Lila, getting into the spirit of the game. I was the only one it seemed, who was having the jitters.

"Think of as many words as you can beginning with car," he said.

"If you think, this is a ruddy game," I cried incensed, "I'm quitting, to let you stew in your own juice." "Oh cool off," he said. "Listen to me. For instance if you've sold a card yesterday or car polish, there should be no difficulty making an illegible blur that looks like 'carpet'. And then changing the amount."

"You've gone crazy," I said. "If we do that on the carbon voucher we'll get caught. How can we change the original?"

Continued on page 27



FASHION OF THE MONTH

WIN-A-WARDROBE!

This is the sixth of 12 fashion features which will enable you to W
A Wardrobe from Delhi's popular SOPHISTICATION boutique.

This unique scheme was announced in Eve's Weekly issues da
December 3 and 10, 1977.

Specially styled outfits for those cooler days of summer. The new tu
top has a really flattering length to hide all those hip-level lumps a
bumps. The new look in trousers and swirly skirts have a fresh e
appeal. And many more new looks for you to mix and match perfec
which will give your appearance, the look that's right for today.

ABOVE : Soft and feminine in green mulmul striped saree, has a black printed upper and lower borders. The verticle border, has pretty orange flowers in a row. Wear it with a matching striped blouse.

RIGHT : Back in the old style knee-length tunic tops. Bold stripes make the look even more striking with a shirt collar and buttoned-up front. Sides have slits from waistline, so you can move as freely as you like. While the other has a straight cut sleeves and a tie-up at waist. White trousers and red harem style pant ensures a comfy look for the summer days.

A fantastic chance for you to win these marvellous range of outfits. So far, we have published five features along with coupons for you to clip and keep. A minimum of 10 coupons out of serial nos. 1-12 collected, will entitle you to participate in the draw to be held in December 1978.

Coupons must be sent in one lot latest by DECEMBER 20, 1978 after the publication of the 12th feature in NOVEMBER 1978.

ABOVE : Pure and simple in white shirt with close fitting long sleeves is piped in red and black. Team it with striking red trousers with upturned cuffs at hem.

RIGHT : Here's to your night life, looking ultra-glamorous in sheer black and white checked knee length skirt. Tiers have gradation in checks, which is separated by a delicate white lace. Wear it with a plain black halter top with a deep neck, trimmed with white lace.

Photographs : Harbans Mody

Eve's Weekly / SOPHISTICATION

WIN-A-WARDROBE
COUPON

Name _____

Address _____

_____

1. Prizes are in the form of readymade garments. 1st Prize : Rs. 5000; 2nd Prize Rs. 2500; 3rd Prize Rs. 1500 PLUS ten consolation prizes Rs. 100 each.
2. Grand Fashion Show will be held by Sophistication/Eve's Weekly around February 1979. The three winners will be invited. They will be given return Railway Fare plus Rs. 200 for expenses.
3. A minimum of 10 coupons, out of coupons numbered 1 - 12 must be sent, **in one lot,** after the publication of the 12th feature in November to The Editor, Eve's Weekly Ltd. Peraj Building, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay 400 023.

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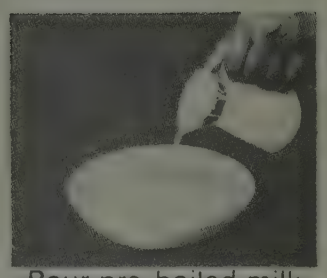
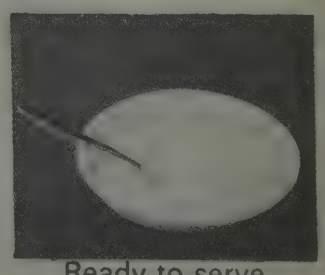


Pour pre-boiled milk

Add Nestum & mix



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TRAPPED!

Continued from page 23

"I've got another idea," said Lila. "You sell a carpet today and backdate it to the 10th of June."

"It's all very well to say," I snapped. What makes you think someone will walk in today as the shop opens and buy a Persian carpet?"

"I will," she said.

"What?"

"I will cook up a name. . . an impossible name. . . any name and a fake address. You make out a voucher in the name for a carpet sold on the 10th of June. I will drop the original in the car park underground as if the buyer, whoever it was, has dropped it. Hey presto. The red herring."

"Have you thought of finger prints?" asked Navneet.

"I will wear gloves," she said. We rushed to the shop and went in by the back stairs, with three minutes to spare before the shop opened. I quickly dashed off a bill dated the 10th of June, in the name of Philomena Cardozo of Mount Road, Bandra. Lila whisked away the original, I put the carbon copy under a pile of others and Navneet carried away the bag of loot by the back stairs to store it in a dead safe place.

When the shop opened, I was sitting innocently behind the counter and the hidden panel in the hosiery section was empty. I would send the men away when they came with the bag of money in the evening and we'd be clear of this mess. Or so I thought.

Inspector Som came smartly into the shop at 10.40 a.m. I made a pretence of searching for the voucher in question and then drew it out with an exclamation.

"I've found it," I said. "Here it is. A Persian carpet sold to Philomena Cardozo of Mount Road, Bandra, on the 10th of June." He took it from me and scrutinised it.

"Yes, this seems OK," he said. "May I take it with me?"

"It's highly irregular. We don't give away vouchers. There's trouble with the audit later. . ."

"I understand," he said. "I'll return it when we're through. Meanwhile I will give you a receipt for it, saying the voucher is in the hands of the police."

"Well, all right," I agreed.

The men he had brought with him were meanwhile going round the shop. They were plain clothes men from the CID. They were knocking at shop panels with their knuckles and two of the shop assistants in the furniture section seemed scared out of their wits. They came running to me and asked if it was something serious. I assured them it was just a routine check and the girls departed to their counter with infinite relief. I wished I were in their shoes.

Inspector Som came back presently and said, "Can we see yesterday's takings?"

"What?" I asked stupidly.

"The money you collected from the shop sales yesterday." I opened a safe in the wall and gave him the cash. I didn't know if I had the right to refuse him permission to make the check. I'm not very well versed in legal matters. He had brought two experts with him and they sat at a small table in the rear portion of Navneet's cabin and counted the cash.

We had a system of keeping the cash takings for the day overnight in the shop and depositing them in the bank next morning. I had already deposited the takings for the 10th of June and these were the takings of the 11th that they were counting. Today was the twelfth.

He came back again after two hours and asked me if he could see the vouchers for yesterday. I handed them to him because we kept each day's bills in separate dockets. A few shoppers strolled into the shop and business went on as usual but all my mind was inside. I was unable to concentrate on my work and kept glancing over my shoulder at Navneet's cabin door, wondering when the men would be through.

When the door opened and Inspector Som came out once more, I had no doubt at all that he was going to tell me he was through. I looked up, bracing myself.

"Your accounts are in perfect order," he said. "You seem to be an efficient man. Been here long?"

"Only a few days," I replied.

"Who was here before you?"

"A man called Pritam Sinha," I said. "He's still an employee."

"Where's he now?"

I licked my lips. "I don't know."

"Hasn't he been coming to work?"

"No."

"Why not?" he asked. He said the words casually but to me they sounded like an accusation.

"I thought he might be on leave."

"I see. Know where he stays?"

"His address will be in the employees' register."

"Can you get it for me?"

"Sure," I said. As I pulled out a drawer in a filing cabinet, he said, "Oh and get me the vouchers for the 10th of June."

I glanced up sharply. "But I've deposited that money in the bank already. We deposit it the very next morning. It's a regular practice."

"I've no doubt," he said. "I just wanted to see the vouchers please."

I gave them to him and knew what he would say next, even before he mouthed the words. My feet turned cold. Too late I realised that these scores wouldn't tally. I had given him a faked up receipt for a carpet all right but there was no cash in the kitty to balance it.

"You have some evidence of how much you deposited in the bank on the morning of 11th June, don't you?"

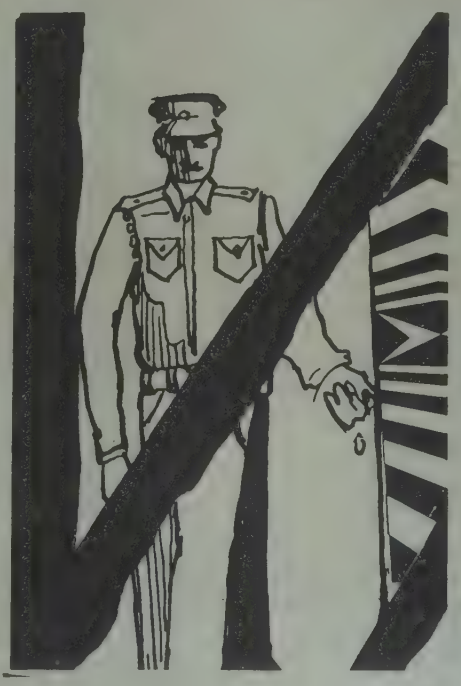
"Oh yes," I said. "The counterfoil of the paying-in slips."

"May I see it?" he asked. I pretended to hunt for it in the drawer where it wasn't.

"I can't find it, I'm afraid. Do you mind if I give it to you a little later?"

"Oh, no hurry at all," he said. "I'll wait here."

I didn't know what to do. Navneet and Lila were no longer there to provide brainwaves and I was raw in this game. If he made a tally of the vouchers for



the 10th of June and checked it against the cash, he would realise at once that the carpet voucher was a faked up after thought.

I was desperate. But sudden and impossible situations sometimes make even a stupid man quite ingenious.

"Oh," I said. "You won't find the amount on the paying-in slip tallying with the total takings for the day." He turned round quickly.

"Why not?" he asked. I watched his eyes. If there was a trace of suspicion in them, he did not show it. But his throat muscle tensed and I knew he was alert to trip me up. His pencil-thin moustach quivered.

"I removed some money from the cash drawer on the night of the 10th of June," I said with a straight face.

"You mean you just helped yourself to the money?"

"No," I replied. "The boss was playing cards at the club and was in need of hard cash. He was losing. His sister came here and told me. I took some money out and gave it to her and she conveyed it to him."

"How much money was it?" he asked.

"Three thousand and seven hundred rupees," I said. I was glad I had a good memory for figures. That was the exact amount I had entered on the faked up voucher."

"Do you often extract large sums of money like this from the cash drawer with no more authority than a verbal message?" he asked.

"It is different with us," I said. "I mean, I am not merely Navneet Tandon's employee. I am his good friend too. We were together in college."

"Anyway," he said. "I'll check the facts from him. But take my advice for any future money transactions, my dear man. Today it might be three thousand. Tomorrow it may be three crores. And when it's a question of money, even bosom friends can become traitors."

My blood boiled but I kept my counsel. He was about 40 years of age. He reminded me of my father in so many ways. The shrewd questions, the silent glances, the boring eyes.

One of his men came up then and whispered something in his ear. He had in his hand the original bill for the Persian carpet which Lila had dropped in the car park, right on cue.

"There's some discrepancy here, I'm afraid," said Inspector Som with a slight frown. I held my breath anxiously.

"The bill is made out for three thousand seven hundred rupees but that's not the figure mentioned on the price tag."

"Oh," I said. "That's perfectly all right. We sometimes give discounts particularly when such an expensive item is bought. It is done with the boss's permission."

"Is that so?" asked the Inspector archly. "And do you also conveniently hike up the price when a gullible customer comes along?"

"I don't understand," I said in surprise.

"The price tag was for two thousand nine hundred rupees," he said.

To be concluded

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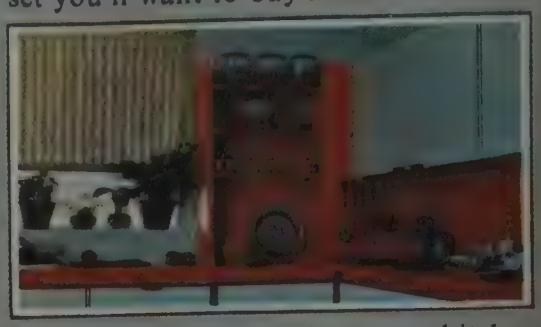

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Photograph : Farokh Reporter

MANGO MEALS

Premila Lal

Mangoes are back in the market. The king of fruits, it makes delicious eating on its own, in salads and desserts. This season, let's for a change have a complete meal with mangoes. With a little bit of imagination, mangoes — ripe and raw can be adapted for use in many different ways. They can be made into chutneys or raithas or combined with meat, rice or fish curries to make a complete meal. We have a variety of mouth-watering dishes for you to pick and choose, which will surely delight your family this mango season.

RIPE MANGO CURRY

4 large half ripe mangoes
½ coconut, grated
1 tbsp. raisins
1 tbsp. sugar
3 cloves
A sprig of curry leaves
½ tsp. turmeric powder
1 heaped tsp. mustard seeds
5 red dry chillis, chopped
Salt to taste
1 tbsp. ghee

Peel and slice mangoes into 1-inch cubes. Heat a little ghee in the cooker and fry the mustard seeds and chillis till they begin to crackle. Add grated coconut, sugar, cloves, curry leaves and turmeric and fry till brown. Add mangoes, two cups of water, raisins and salt to taste. Simmer for about 15 minutes. Serve hot with boiled rice.

MANGO RICE

500 grams rice
3 medium sized green mangoes
A few chillis, chopped
1½ cups coconut gratings
200 grams gingelly oil or ghee
½ tbsp. mustard seeds
½ tbsp. black gram dal
1 tbsp. cummin seeds
A few curry leaves
A little turmeric powder
Salt to taste

Put rice in the cooker and cook with 1 litre water. Bring to pressure and cook for 8 minutes. Open the cooker and add the turmeric powder and half the quantity of gingelly oil (or ghee). Mix well.

Cut the mangoes into tiny pieces or grate them. Grind the cummin seeds, half the chillis, salt to taste and the coconut gratings. Mix it with the mango pieces and add it to the cooked rice. Fry the mustard, gram, dal, curry leaves and the remaining chillis in oil. Add it to the rice. Mix well. Allow to cool and serve.

AAM (MANGO) DAL

250 grams tur dal
2 raw mangoes
1 onion, chopped
3 cloves garlic
1 tsp. turmeric
1 tsp. mustard seeds

2 red chillis (dry)
A sprig of curry leaves
1 tbsp. ghee
Salt to taste

Wash and soak the dal for an hour. Change the water, and add salt. Peel the mangoes, cut into three pieces each. Put dal with 600 mils water in the cooker. Add mangoes — close the lid and bring to pressure— cook for 5 minutes and reduce pressure.

Heat the ghee in a frying pan and fry the masalas. Add chopped onion and garlic and fry till brown. Add to the cooked dal. This sour aam dal should be of a thin consistency. Serve with rice.

RIPE MANGO RAITHA

3 ripe mangoes
¼ tsp. mustard seeds
3 green chillis
3 pods garlic
A piece of coconut (fresh or dried)
125 grams curds
Salt and sugar to taste
A few fried mustard seeds
A sprig of curry leaves

Wash and peel the mangoes and cut into cubes and set aside. Grind the mustard seeds, green chillis, garlic and coconut to a fine paste, and mix with the curds. Add the cut pieces of mango, salt and sugar. Season with a few, fried mustard seeds and curry leaves.

MANGO PULAQ

1 kg. Delhi rice
6 mangoes (half ripe)
2 cups coconut gratings
2 tsp. mustard seeds
30 grams black gram dal
6 red chillis
1 tsp. cummin seeds
A sprig of curry leaves
125 grams ghee or oil
Salt to taste
½ tsp. turmeric

Clean rice and boil it with enough water. Add salt and turmeric. Grate the mangoes. Grind cummin seeds, three chillis and coconut gratings finely. Mix this with the grated mangoes. When the rice is nearly cooked, add the mango mixture and half the ghee to the rice. In the remaining ghee fry dal, curry leaves, mustard seeds and remaining chillis. Add to the rice, mix well and serve. This pulao is tasty enough to be eaten plain. It may be served with a sweet chutney.

PRAWN MANGO CURRY

250 grams shelled prawns
2 large raw mangoes
1 coconut
8 green chillis
6 small onions
4 cloves garlic
A sprig of curry leaves
1 tbsp. cooking oil
Salt to taste

Peel the mangoes and chop into small pieces. Put pieces in a bowl of cold water to avoid discolouring. Grate the coconut, grind coarsely together the coconut, green chillis, garlic and onions. Put prawns, mango pieces, ground paste and curry leaves in a saucepan, pour in the oil and mix ingredients well, then add water and salt to taste and cook on a low fire. Simmer gently, stirring occasionally till the prawns are tender and the oil floats to the top. Serve hot with boiled rice.

MANGO BAVAROISE

1 pkt. strawberry jelly

cuckoo lal
Clean wooden surfaces with a little vinegar; it removes stickiness and stains. Polish with a soft cloth to bring up shine.

½ litre custard
¼ litre cream
2 cups mango puree
30 grams gelatine
1/8 litre water
1 tbsp. pistachios, chopped
Sugar to taste
Whipped cream

Prepare the jelly according to instructions and allow to cool. Dissolve the gelatine in little water and leave aside. Pour a little jelly into a jelly mould and allow to set. Blend together the sugar, custard, cream, mango puree and gelatine. Allow to thicken. When thick, half fill the mould with this mixture and allow to set. Pour some jelly over this to form a red ribbon halfway up the mould. When this is firm, add the rest of the custard mixture. Turn out when well set and decorate with whipped cream and chopped pistachios.

COOKERY QUEEN OF THE MONTH

Mrs. Lulu Judy Fernandes of Madras, wins Rs. 100.00 for this month's best recipe plus a 280 mm non-stick Tava from Trupti Industries, Bombay, a cash prize of Rs. 101.00 from Weikfield and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

FRUIT CAKE

200 grams cherries, glaced
200 grams candied peels
200 grams ginger, preserved
200 grams sultans
200 grams seedless raisins
200 grams candied mixed fruit
500 grams white butter (without salt)
500 grams self raising flour
500 grams ground sugar
2 tbsps. baking powder
Vanilla essence or Almond
2 tsps. brandy essence
½ tsp. nutmeg, grated
½ tsp. table salt
4 eggs
1 cup milk

Sift flour, baking powder and salt 5 times allowing air to lighten the flour. Cream butter and sugar till light and fluffy. Whisk egg whites till it stands in a peak, add to the butter mixture. Continue to mix for another 25 minutes. Now, add egg yolks and mix for another 5 minutes. Add flour and fruit in small quantities stirring lightly all the time. Add both essence to warm milk pouring a spoonful to cake mixture while mixing until all the flour and milk is used up.

Grease a rectangular baking tin 9"x14" or two smaller tins sprinkle flour all over, pour cake mixture and spread evenly hollowing out the centre a little bit. Bake for 45 minutes, in a preheated oven, then lower temperature and bake for another 15 minutes. Allow to cool.

recipes from our readers

Manikarnika, Salem.

ALOO TAMUN

500 grams potatoes
50 grams flour (maida)
300 grams sugar
Ghee for frying
Few drops of rose essence

Boil and peel potatoes. Mash them well to form a soft pulp. Add flour to the pulp and knead into a dough. As far as possible avoid adding water, when making the dough. If the pulp doesn't hold all the flour then add very little water and knead. The dough should be smooth, without crests. Set aside for 10 minutes.

In the meanwhile, dissolve sugar in a cup of water and cook gently until a syrup of thin consistency is obtained. Add a few drops of essence and let it cool.

Now make even size balls from the dough and deep fry in ghee till golden brown and drop them gently into the syrup.

Miss Radhika Sundaram, Palghat.

CHANA AND CHEESE LOAF

1½ cups kabuli chana (white grams)
1½ cups grated cheese
1½ cups breadcrumbs
¼ cup onion — ground
1 tbsp. dessicated coconut
2 tsps. curry powder
2 tbsps. peanut butter
Salt, pepper and chilli powder to taste
½ tsp. soda bicarb
½ cup milk

GRIND TO A PASTE:

½" piece ginger
2 green chillis
A few mint leaves
Fresh coriander leaves

Soak the chana overnight in water. Cook with half teaspoon soda in a pressure cooker till very soft, with salt. Drain and mash well. Saute the onions, masala paste and curry powder in the peanut butter, for a while. Remove from fire. Add the dessicated coconut and pepper and chilli powder.

Mix all the ingredients together with salt to taste. Add enough milk to moisten and shape the dough into a loaf. Place in a greased tin and bake at 350 deg. F (moderate) for 40 minutes. Baste occasionally with hot milk and butter. Remove. Serve slices with chutney or sauce.

Shantha V. Parameswaran, Madras.

COCONUT RICE PAYASAM

2 coconuts
100 grams rice
250 grams jaggery
2 tbsps. ghee
½ tsp. cummin seeds, (optional)

Grate coconuts. Grind with little water and extract milk. Repeat this three times and keep the extracted milk in three separate vessels. Take the milk extracted third time. Add equal amount of water to it. Boil. Add rice to this. Allow rice to cook well. Now add jaggery. When jaggery dissolves and blends with the rice, add the milk extracted the second time. Boil for about five minutes. Remove from fire. Now add milk extracted the first time. Heat ghee and add to this mixture. Fry cummin seeds and add to the mixture. Serve hot.

Tsering Lhayang, Bangalore.

CHEESE DUMPLINGS

1 kg cottage cheese
¼ kg sugar
3 cups flour (maida)
½ tsp. baking powder

Mix cheese and sugar well and keep aside in a dish.

FOR THE DUMPLING COVER:

Mix baking powder with flour well. Make a soft dough adding a little water. Divide the dough into balls of the size of a table tennis ball. With a rolling pin flatten balls on a board till it is about one and a half inches to two inches in diameter and half inch in thickness. Do this to the rest of the dough.

Fill in the cottage cheese and sugar mixture in the centre of the dough. Cover it with another flat dough. Press the two edges firmly using a little water if edges don't stick well. Do this to the rest of the balls.

Put them in an idli mould and steam them for 10 minutes. Remove hot.

weekly winner

Mrs. Olive Nair of Madras, wins 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a non-stick coated Sandwich Toaster and a 9 cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, Bombay, a gift from Weikfield and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

ROYAL MANGO PULAO

1 kg mango juice
700 grams milk
500 grams basmati rice
350 grams sugar
2 tbsps. rose water
1 tsp. saffron
115 grams cashewnuts
115 grams pistachios
7 tbsps. ghee
4 pieces cinnamons
10 big cardamoms
8 cloves
A few rose petals for decoration

Boil the milk on a medium fire till it becomes thickish. In a stainless steel dekchi, mix half the mango juice with half of the thickened milk, half of sugar, the crushed saffron and the rose water. Boil till it becomes fairly thick. Remove from the fire and let it stand. Chop the cashewnuts and pistachios finely and fry them a little in 4 tablespoons of ghee. Preserve the remaining ghee. Now clean and soak the rice in water. After 15 or 20 minutes strain off the water completely Rub the three tablespoons of ghee in this rice and put in the powdered cinnamon, cloves and cardamons. Pour in the remaining of the mango juice and cook the rice on a slow fire. When the rice is half done, pour in the remaining milk and the left over ghee, and the remaining sugar also. When the rice is thoroughly cooked remove from fire. Take a deep dish and spread a layer of the thick mixture of mango juice and milk and then spread a thin layer of fried cashewnuts and pistachios and then a layer of rice. Place layer over layer of each till the last two layers are of fried nuts and mango mixture.

Decorate and sprinkle with rose petals.

ATTENTION, COOKERY ENTHUSIASTS!

Each recipe for the weekly and monthly contests and Recipes From Readers' page must be accompanied by this coupon. Those not accompanied by the coupon and a passport size photograph will not be considered for publication.

Each entry should be accompanied by an adequately stamped envelop if you wish to have your recipe and photograph back, if rejected.

Address your entry to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Bombay Samachar Marg, Fort, Bombay-400 023.

Thirst choice after that winning game

MY BETRAYAL DROVE HIM TO HIS DEATH

The guilt of his death hangs around me like the proverbial albatross

It was sometime in December 1971, during the Indo-Pak war, that one of my friends casually mentioned that Sunil had been killed. I was shocked, I did not want to believe it, thinking that she might have made a mistake in reading the newspaper in which she said the news had appeared. I decided to confirm it from one of his close friends. That day when my mother-in-law went for her pooja, I rang up Sunil's friend and asked him, "Is it true?" He just said "Yes" and dropped the phone. I could sense the deep hatred in his voice for me. Like many others he also held me responsible for Sunil getting killed.

It is over six years now and I can recapitulate the events with some equanimity.

I was born in a middle class family some 30 years back. My father was a clerk in a government office. My mother, who claimed to have come from some royal family, could not reconcile herself to her being a clerk's wife with a petty income. She continued her studies after marriage and was finally able to secure a job in a school.

With the money that she earned she managed to hire a servant-cum-cook and the rest of the money she spent on sarees and other status symbols she thought were essential to raise her standing in society.

My mother was pretty — tall and quite attractive. I hardly remember ever seeing her soiling her hands in the kitchen. She used to be always fresh and well dressed. Many "uncles" used to come to our house. They were very warmly greeted by my mother, but my father used to be quite indifferent to them. My father and mother often exchanged heated words with each other. I was too young to understand anything at that time, but all my sympathies used to be with my mother who I thought was struggling so hard for improving our standard of living and thought my father so harsh and unfeeling.

At the age of 12 I was precociously mature. My thinking was that of a girl of 18. I was tall, like my mother, quite charming, a champion at badminton and a very good singer, too. I sang at the school functions and wherever I went the eyes of people followed me with appreciation. I was always surrounded by admirers at all the functions and so I started falling in and out of love at a very early age.

Arun was the first to come into my life. He was the brother of my friend Sujata and he also represented his school in badminton. We had attended a couple of sport camps together. Later he went to an Engineering College elsewhere and I soon forgot about him.

After Arun, there were a couple of other boys with whom friendship developed into very warm relationships, but faded off soon. I realised that I was not the type to retain a friendship for long. I met Sunil when I had just joined college. He was a cadet in the final year at the National Defence Academy. He was the son of one of my father's very intimate friends and came to stay at our home for his sister's treatment.

Sunil could not be called handsome but he always looked a tough, smart soldier. He was very boisterous and carefree. He was always gay and was satisfied with what life had given to him. It was his intelligence and his happy-go-lucky attitude that attracted me. I had always seen my father tense, nervous and sad. Sunil was just opposite to that.

I was full of admiration for somebody for the first time in my life and I found that he also almost adored me. Our mutual attraction grew into a steady affair. After that, he spent most of his vacations at our place. He introduced me to all his friends as his fiancee though we were not engaged as yet. The only thing that sometimes distressed me about him was that he felt insecure about me.

My mother knew about our affair and she never discouraged or dissuaded me. My father, who had long since become indifferent to family affairs never said anything openly, but he did tell me at times that he would not like his daughter to marry an Army Officer. Subsequently Sunil was commissioned in the Army and everything went on very nicely. I still have sweet nostalgic memories of those young carefree days.

Those used to be days of mad excitement. Sunil had bought a second hand motor-bike and on that we used to ride around for hours. Our favourite resort was a canal flowing on the outskirts of the city. One evening we were sitting there looking at the constantly trembling shadows of the branches of the trees on the water. The sun was setting and the sky and a few stray clouds had a crimson tinge. Looking at the red colour of the sun, Sunil suddenly asked, "Do you know what I am supposed to do in the war, Veenu?"

He had never talked about the nature of his job earlier. Always he used to dismiss my curiosity with just one word: "Secret."

But while talking about the war his eyes shone. He continued without looking at me. "We are ahead of all other tanks. In fact, we are bent on retaining this position to gauge the strength of the enemy. We wear leaves and branches on our heads so that from a distance we may look like a bush." His voice became more dramatic as he went on: "So we are moving gradually and cautiously, half hidden but extremely watchful. Suddenly the shelling starts from the other side. The enemy has spotted us. A shell strikes on the chest and A-a-ah. . dead!" Saying so he fell flat on the ground as if he had been struck by the shell.

Stop," I said. "I don't want to know about the war." Tears welled up in my eyes thinking about the possibility of what Sunil had narrated.

"You should be brave, Veenu, This can happen at any time with us. This is a part of our life. We are trained to live and love every moment of it," he said.

The rest of the evening my mind was occupied with what he had said. He was to leave the following day. He came to see me and said, "You know we cannot get married for another three years." He was 22 at that time and according to service rules he could get married at the age of 25, not before.

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TRUE CONFESSION

'Remember this, if you don't wait for me, yesterday evening's drama will become a reality." He kept on laughing. When he saw tears in my eyes he teased me and called me "coward," and went away.

Later I joined the Delhi University for my Master's degree in chemistry. I was staying in the hostel. It was a strange coincidence that I met Sujata there after so many years. She was also studying at the University. Our childhood friendship revived and once again we became close to each other. One day, when Arun came to see his sister I happened to meet him. This Arun was quite different from the Arun whose vague image lingered in my mind. From a small, thin boy he had grown into a tall, handsome and a soft spoken man with large impressive eyes. He looked at me with a fixed stare as if we were trying to gauge whether those old childhood feelings still existed.

Sujata told me later that after his degree in engineering he had started a factory in Delhi with his father's money who was a millionaire. He had done exceedingly well in his business and now he owned a car, an air-conditioned bungalow. . . almost everything that money could buy. Sujata being an old friend I started going to their place for weekends. And Arun invariably made himself free for taking us out to movies and shopping.

In the beginning I was very reserved. I used to avoid his glances and replied only in monosyllables, but gradually with his persistent attention and care for me, my reserves started breaking.

Sunil was posted in Assam at that time and we had not met for more than a year. After a couple of months I discovered that I had started looking forward to my visits to Sujata's place. I was horrified to realise that my unsteady self had gripped me once again and I hardly thought about Sunil. This discovery threw me into a painful dilemma. I did not want to be unfaithful to him, but I don't know when Arun started exercising such a power on me that Sunil was pushed back in my mind. I had convinced myself that it was the tender care and attention of Arun and his family that had over-powered me.

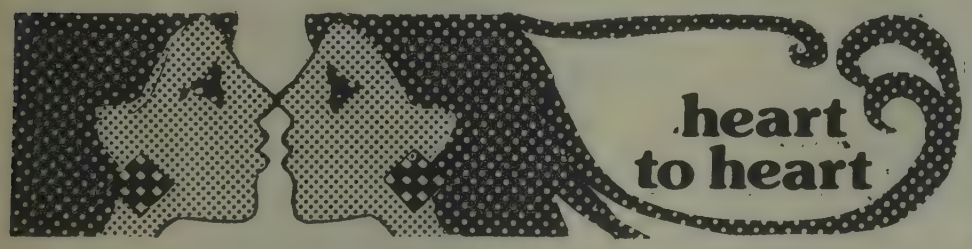
But today I want to be honest to myself. It was not love alone but rather the spirit of my mother — which had always craved for a car, a modern house with all the amenities and a lot of money to throw around— had got enkindled in me. Marriage with Arun meant a straight leap from a struggling middle class existence to a much higher strata of society. My life could immediately be changed by this marriage so I had embraced my mother's spirit and had strangulated my emotions for Sunil that used to often pop up in spite of Arun. When my mother came to know about it, she was very happy and before the news of this new development in my life could reach Sunil she got me engaged to Arun hastily and finalised an early wedding date. I was also very happy and felt very proud showing off my betrothal diamond set to my friends.

When Sunil came to know about it he was absolutely heart broken. He had never even thought about anybody else in the last five years. During the long, lonely hours in those jungles of Assam, he had only dreamt of a life with me. All his dreams were shattered now. He came down to Delhi and threatened to tell everything to Arun but finally never did anything of that sort. In spite of what I had done he still loved me so much that he did not want to inflict any pain on me by casting shadows of my past on my future.

I got married and was lost in those many rounds of cocktail parties and receptions. He stayed in the town for sometime and then left. I came to know later that before leaving he had gone to see all his friends and relatives. It seemed this was the last time he was meeting everybody. He was extremely dejected and felt vanquished in the battle of life. While bidding farewell to his friends on the railway platform, he had even said that he would never return but nobody had taken him seriously. Everybody thought he would get over his dejection. I too had never known that he was so sensitive as I had always seen him laughing.

Soon after he left, the war broke out. He was somewhere in the Eastern Sector. On the very second day of the war came the shocking news of his death. Everybody from our close circle felt that he had deliberately thrown himself in the jaws of death. He had no love for life. When his personal belongings were sent back to his parents, his mother returned my letters and photographs to my mother with tears in her eyes. His diary too revealed that he was utterly dejected in his last days. Sunil's parents and friends felt that if I had not betrayed him, he would have come back from the war alive, I also think that for my sake he would have returned. It has been six years but I still feel extremely guilty.

I am a mother of two kids and am happily married but the thought of Sunil's death keeps hurting me. I often ask myself if I am really responsible for his death or was it the war that killed him. Probably Sunil's death will always hang around me like the sin of the "Ancient Mariner."



CONFIDE YOUR PERSONAL PROBLEMS TO DR. MABEL FONSECA C/O EVE'S WEEKLY. DR. FONSECA IS A LEADING MARRIAGE COUNSELLOR AND WILL ANSWER YOUR QUERIES EVERY FORTNIGHT

TRY TO SAVE YOUR MARRIAGE

TAKE A DECISION NOW

I am a Catholic girl of 24. I married a Hindu boy against the wishes of my parents. We are working in the same office. Now he says he is no more interested in me because I am a Catholic and taller than him, and that he can get many girls of his choice. He hates me and refuses to come out with me. Please advise.

Have you hurt your husband in any way? Talk to him and find out the reason for this unhappy situation. You should make an earnest effort to make the marriage work.

If, however, for some reason you fail to win his affection and he keeps on ignoring you, then there is no point in continuing with an unhappy marriage. Decide now whether to continue with this marriage or not before children are involved.

If you have had a registered marriage, you could obtain a divorce on ground of mutual consent. Consult a lawyer about this. Being a working woman it should not be difficult for you to stand up to your decision. Then both of you will be free to decide your future.

DO NOT BE HASTY

I have been married for the past five years. My husband drinks heavily. He ignores me and even beats me and humiliates me in front of friends. I have come to know that he goes to other women. I have two sons aged four and one. I am very unhappy, what should I do? I am only a graduate and have no work experience. If I get a job it will be easy for me to leave him.

He tells me to prove that he goes to women, only then will he agree to a divorce. I cannot leave him and go to my parents because they have children who are to be married. Please advise.

It is important that you communicate with your husband first. Tell him that if a good example has to be set to the children and he wants to maintain a family life, then he must change his ways. Persuade him to join the Alcoholic Anonymous which can do him and the family immense good.

There are several things you have to do to change the unhappy atmosphere. Perhaps he prefers the company of other women because he does not get your love and attention. Do not neglect him. Keep the home warm and when he knows you are sincere, he will not need other female company.

Besides, you must get economically independent, so take up a secretarial course or learn any skills in which you are interested. Then you can take up a part-time or full-time job.

Make your best effort to save your marriage and this can be done with love, understanding and tolerance. This sacrifice is necessary for the sake of the children.

If all your genuine attempts fail after a considerable time span, and he continues to ill-treat you, then you can talk to your parents and elders and see how best you can make your future with the children. Don't be miserable but start making attempts to help your husband turn over a new leaf

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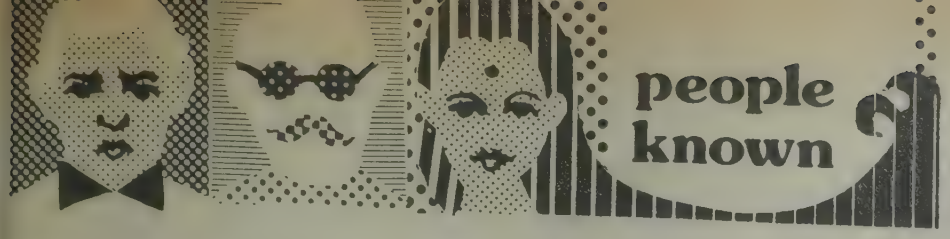
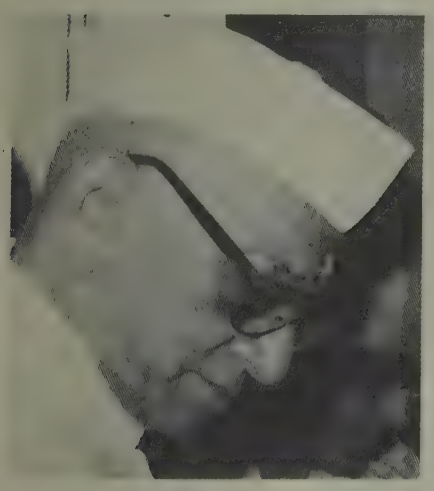


people known

Paul Newman, well known American actor, is likely to be named as a member of the U. S. delegation to the General Assembly Session to be held on May 23. Many might be surprised by this choice, for politics and acting do not mix easily, at least not at the organisational level. One possible reason for President Carter's unusual choice could be Newman's charisma. The actor may be just the right person to disarm the opposition to the American point of view easily. And considering that the session is being held to discuss the disarmament issue, Newman definitely seems to be the correct choice.

* * *

Prime Minister **Morarji Desai** has been honoured by no less an institution than the International League of Animal Rights. Hailing the Indian P.M.'s decision to ban the export of monkeys, song-birds and frogs' legs after the present commitments with buyers were honoured, the League, at its recent meeting at the UNESCO headquarters, decided to offer its First Order of Nature Award to him. If Mr. Desai, (who has not yet signified acceptance of the Award) does accept it and attends the presentation ceremony in October, he will become a Lord Chancellor of the Order of



Nature. . . a position as coveted and honoured as the Prime Ministership of any country.

* * *

Perhaps her having suffered from cancer has something to do with it, perhaps it all began during the convalescence after the operation on her affected breast...the fact remains that ex-first lady **Betty Ford** has a drug problem. Fortunately, it is not acute, there is no real addiction to drugs. But Mrs. Ford has been admitted to the alchohol and drug rehabilitation wing of the Long Beach Naval Hospital with a "problem with medication." According to hospital sources, Mrs. Ford has developed a degree of dependence on drugs which she is trying to overcome. And the hospital authorities are giving her a helping hand.

Anyone who is acquainted with the courage and spirit with which Mrs. Ford faced her affliction, and the dread operation that followed, will know that the fight against her dependence on drug (probably painkillers and tranquillisers) will be successful too.

* * *

Indeed, India's ace cricketer **Bishen Singh Bedi** does think ahead. He wants to promote the game he loves as much as possible. For this end, he has a planned line of action. Bedi intends to visit all the schools, firstly in the capital, and then, if his plan succeeds, in other parts of the country, and talk to schoolboys. The talks will be strictly "cricket talks," with the aim to create "cricket consciousness" among the yougsters. And Bedi will be putting in this extra effort purely to promote cricket — the talks and lectures will be on a honorary basis only.

There is no doubt that the schoolboys will be thrilled, and will acquire knowledge of the game from one of the best players in the country today. Proof of this lies in the fact that Bedi was selected recently, along with Gavaskar, to play a double-wicket tournament in London. But if he wants to really popularise cricket, Bedi should not block out one possible section of future players — schoolgirls. Considering that it has been proved that cricket is a women's game too, ignoring their potential is just "not cricket."

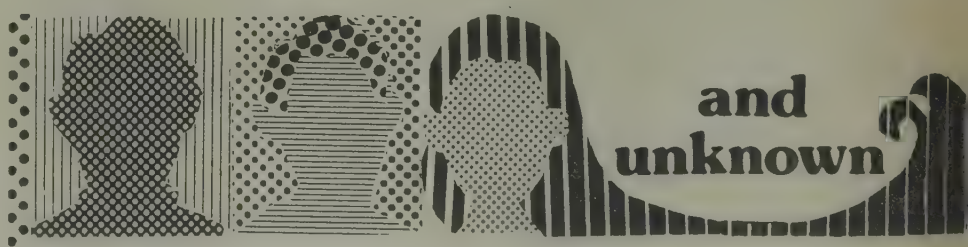
* * *

If what the Sunday Times says about author **Frederick Forsyth** is true, he is a rich and powerful man, indeed. The author, who has a large fan following which reads his books faster than he can write them, is reported to have masterminded and financed a real attempt by mercenaries to overthrow the government in the West African state of Equatorial Guinea. This attempt, which was made six years ago, is said to be the basis of the book that followed — "The Dogs of War."

According to the Sunday Times, the facts of the attempt were collected piecemeal from mercenaries in Europe and South Africa. Mr. Forsyth, however, when approached by reporters who wished to quiz him on the issue, remained "oddly coy". Perhaps he knew that there was no way the reporters could get official confirmation of the plot. Had the plot succeeded, things might have been quite different for Mr. Forsyth, but as matters went, according to the report, the mercenaries were discovered about 4,800 kms away from their target and bundled off unceremoniously by the Spanish police. Quite a tame ending to a hot affair. Forsyth might not have been too upset, though, for his book has the ending his attempt couldn't have, a successful coup. One of the advantages of being a writer, obviously.

* * *

Marlene Deitrich has always been a desirable woman—most moviegoers have found her so. Now, chances are that though Marlene is no longer young (she is a grandmother), or a film star, she will captivate the minds of her fans once more. The recently released biography of the famous actress gives intimate details of her power, and reveals that no less a person than Hitler came under its spell. But in her own words, she "turned him down." The book presents Marlene as "the free woman who chose her own men, earned her own living and saw sex as a challenge." The biography written by British born Charles Hingham, a Los Angeles based writer, gives an exciting and intimate account of the life of the husky voiced star who ruled the minds of men in her heyday. Exciting enough, at least, to make people wish Marlene could stage a comeback to films.



and unknown

Young Murlidhar is one of those people who can claim to be resurrected and restored to life from among the dead. Literally, this is true. Young Murlidhar, who fell unconscious while playing, was certified dead by a doctor at the J. J. Hospital, Bombay, and was sent to the morgue. Waking from his stupor, he spent a night in terror, and was brought back into the world, when he rushed into the arms of the guardian who had come to claim his "body."

The hospital authorities have failed to substantiate this story, but chances are it is true,. Whether his tale is given official acknowledgement or not, Murlidhar will have one unusual story to tell his grandchildren in his old age.

Compiled by Sathya Saran

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INFANTICIDE IN THE LAND OF HARA-KIRI

Bharati Chatterji

Tradition bound as it is for a nation as progressive economically as Japan, it comes initially as a rude shock to read items head-lined "Mother kills infant, attempts suicide," or "Mother strangles children," or "Five dead infants discovered in closet." And there is at least one incident everyday! Unable to relate those pretty smiling faces on the street with a crime as heinous as child murder, one attempts to discover the deeper motive beyond the almost pathetically inadequate causes given in the news items themselves. One would assume to warrant a step as extreme as killing a child, there would have to be some really grave cause. Certainly not reasons such as. . "Couldn't cope with night feeding,". . . "The child cried too much". . . "The child refused to be toilet trained" and so on, each of these being the reason advanced by women who murdered their children in cold blood.

Suicide of course is treated with respect in Japan. Hence, if a woman murders half a dozen children and then survives a suicide attempt, she is pardoned! In fact, she is given sympathy. Provided of course that the children are her own. And on that hinges the paradox. It is still accepted in Japanese culture that the child is the parent's property. A gift of God, which, if it proves to be bothersome, may be returned to God.

The killing of children began, it is believed, some time in the earliest history of the nation. It reached its peak during the Edo era between the turn of the 16th century and the middle of the 19th century AD. During this long period, the population of Japan was maintained at 20 million. The simple device was to force mothers to kill their newborn or undergo abortion before the full term. A death in the community of an older member meant that a newborn could live.

With the dawn of the Meiji era and its policy of restoration, Emperor Meiji, besides throwing open the nation's shores to the world, passed a law in the first year prohibiting abortion and within five years it was established as a crime. Incentives were given to families to produce more children. The nation needed to increase its population in order to build an army and carry out the new policy of industrialisation. Within forty years, the population tripled!

Child murder, however, persisted. In fact, along with it arose the new phenomenon of combined murder-suicide — a phenomenon that reached alarming proportions almost parallel with the rising prosperity of the nation. Very little research has been done on the subject, but by going below the surface you come upon the more basic and enduring reasons — insecurity, fear, loneliness and boredom.

Traditionally a farming/fishing nation, Japan suddenly bludgeoned its way into the industrialised world. Whereas earlier families had lived together and died in the same household surrounded not only by the immediate family but by neighbours and distant relatives, with the urban exodus, families were splintered and broken into tiny units of parents/children. Privacy became an enormous burden to cope with . Japanese culture is simply not equipped with norms of behaviour for a private husband-wife relationship.

As a result, a woman had not only to cope suddenly with bearing and rearing children without the help of relatives and neighbours, but also had the added job of looking after the needs of a husband alone. And all this in an unnatural urban setting.

There is no attempt here to sympathise and yet it is essential to give the matter a dispassionate and fair appraisal. The women cannot be blamed totally. Environment, including economic, social and cultural factors, plays a vital part.

The traditional Japanese family was headed by the oldest living member, a great-grandparent, or at least a grandparent. The men always came first (in the order of birth) followed by women. Women never meant more than whatever function they were given — nurse, cook, household help, child-bearer.

It was in fact a very realistic and simple culture in which each individual had a neatly classified place in the family and in the larger circle of society. There you strove for harmony and oneness rather than confrontation and self-fulfilment.

Difficult though it is to imagine the gentle women of Japan committing so heinous a crime as child murder, the reality of it remains

As long as the nation was sealed from the rest of the world, its homogeneity was protected. The war with its traffic of foreign culture, and today with the rest of the world brought into the living room on a 12-inch TV screen, the protection is gone, leaving in its wake a thoroughly confused generation of people fighting with the inadequate equipment of a feudal and decadent culture against the heavy odds of modernity and changing circumstances. One can now gradually begin to visualise the scenario leading to a crime.

A girl, married to someone, a marriage in which she has had no say. Uprooted from the familiar family environment into a totally indifferent surrounding of concrete and steel. Forced into living in a tiny apartment with a stranger for a companion. The companion being a husband who is himself brought up to believe that wives are to be seen and used, not to be heard, leave alone bothered about. She will have a television set which remains on all day. This will eventually and quite subtly only add to her misery because she will see beautiful women, always immaculately groomed, handsome men who pay them silly compliments, attractive babies who never seem to dirty their diapers or cry. She will spend most of her savings on cosmetics and clothes, except that her husband wouldn't notice even if she were to appear in sack cloth! The stronger women survive the combined onslaught of the hostile environment; it is the weaker ones who succumb.

Take the case of a woman in her thirties whose mother discovered five infant corpses on the top shelf of a wardrobe rarely used. The woman quite readily confessed to the murders, but the stranger part of the grisly story is that the husband never once suspected that his wife was ever pregnant!

Then there is the unusual case of a woman who axed her neighbour to death after gassing her only daughter. It seems that this neighbour also had a daughter of the same age who outshone her own in every way. As if that wasn't enough, this neighbour owned and rode a bicycle while she couldn't. One day, after a particularly humiliating show of superiority (winning some kind of TV quiz) by her neighbour's daughter, the neighbour stood outside this woman's house merrily ringing her bicycle bell. So the woman opened the gas tap in her daughter's room that night and then, calling the neighbour out, axed her to death!

These are unusual cases. In normal cases, an average of 33 per cent of the murders are due to causes shown as "permanent physical damage" or "incurable disease," in another 33 per cent it is "family problems," followed by "unknown causes" (22 per cent), with the remaining 12 per cent shared by "economic reasons" and other causes.

In the first instance, where mothers kill children who are chronically and incurably ill or physically damaged, the case becomes one of mercy killing. In the second kind, apart from strained relationships between husband and wife, or mother-in-law, etc. there is a large percentage of women who are bracketed within "could not cope with child-bearing and rearing."

In Tokyo, the strangest thing is that the largest number of suicide-murders remains labelled "cause unknown." The gulf between husband and wife is so great that the husband does not even remotely suspect that his wife is building up a tension or a neurosis that will eventually lead to something so drastic.

Apparently, the only remedy, the only method of prevention, lies in the culture. Japanese men and women will have to learn to face the realities of modern times and emerge as individuals before they can learn to look upon their children as individuals with equal rights to life and liberty.

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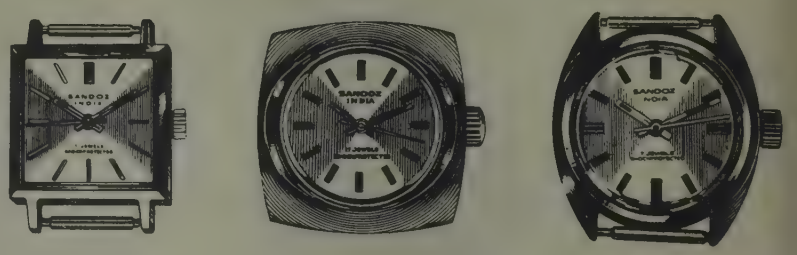

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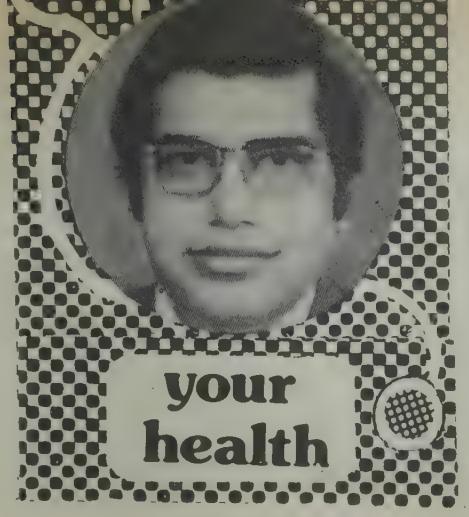

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HOARSENESS — not to be neglected

Hoarseness of voice can be caused by a minor throat infection, but it can also be a symptom of a major problem

It is a common observation that when you are suffering from common cold you cannot speak properly. Your voice is hoarse, and you have trouble in talking distinctly. Hoarseness of voice is thus a very common symptom, but while it can be due to a minor reason, it can also signify major problems. On the one hand, it can be due to an ordinary condition, like soreness of the throat or over-use of the voice. On the other hand, it can be due to cancer. It is therefore, vital that we undertsand it properly, and try to catch diseases that produce hoarseness of voice in the early stages for a complete cure.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE VOICE

Voice is produced by the voice box, which is called the larynx and is located in the front part of the neck. The larynx is a small box of bone which has two fine diaphragms that produce sound. These are called the vocal cords. The length and the tension of these vocal cords is regulated by a set of muscles, and the movement of the vocal cords produces sound. The main functions of the larynx, besides phonation, are to aid in respiration and to protect the lower respiratory tract by the cough reflex. The variation in the length and tension of the vocal cords control the pitch and tone of the voice that is produced by the larynx.

Hoarseness of voice is a symptom and not a disease. When the voice becomes rough, hoarse or of a lower pitch than normal it is called hoarseness of voice. It appears because of the inability of the vocal cords to vibrate properly. This inability may be due to fatigue, infection and swelling of the cords or other diseases. The disturbance of the delicate mechanism of the cords produces this change in voice.

THE CAUSES

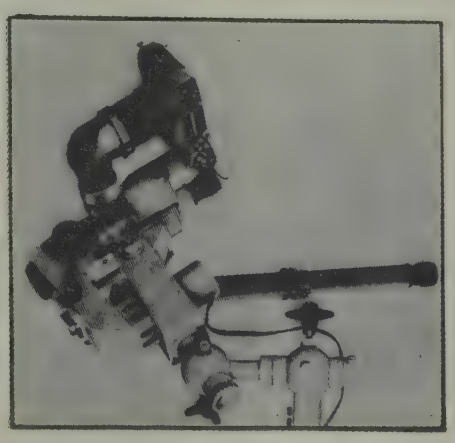
A change in the voice can occur from a slight inflammation in the larynx which could be caused by a sore throat, or by over-use or abuse of the voice box. Hoarseness of voice can also be due to infection in the larynx. It can be acute and short-lived or of longer duration, in which case it is called chronic infection. At times, injury to the larynx may also upset the delicate functioning of the cords. The muscles that control the vocal cords when paralyzed are not able to move the vocal cords properly and this results in a defective voice. Any swelling in and around these cords will not permit them free movement and effective alignment. This also results in hoarseness of voice.

The swellings may of course be benign, but they could also be malignant.

AIDS TO DIAGNOSIS

Only a proper and detailed account of the occurrence of this abnormality in the voice can lead to proper diagnosis. This should therefore not be neglected or taken lightly. For example, does it occur for short periods of time, or is it a long standing malady; the patient's occupation and personal habits like smoking, drinking, chewing tobacco, any allergies, and whether soreness of throat is a recurring or chronic malady with him. Over use, or ill use of his voice in the recent past should also be recorded. If there is cough, or any blood in the sputum, this could indicate Tuberculosis. Another point to be noted is whether he comes into regular contact with any chemical fumes or lives in a very polluted area.

A simple examination called **Indirect Laryngoscopy** is used to examine the larynx. The voice box is situated inside the throat, and cannot be seen with an ordinary tongue depressor. Therefore, a mirror is put into the patient's mouth and a light is shined onto the larynx so that the image of the larynx can be seen on the mirror. The complete co-operation of the patient is required for this examination. It is absolutely painless, yet some people cannot tolerate this simple procedure, and, naturally, in children we do not expect co-operation for this purpose. In such cases, we have



Microscope used to view the larynx.

Cancer on the vocal cords.

Tracheostomy: to save life in acute obstruction, a new airway has to be made in the neck.

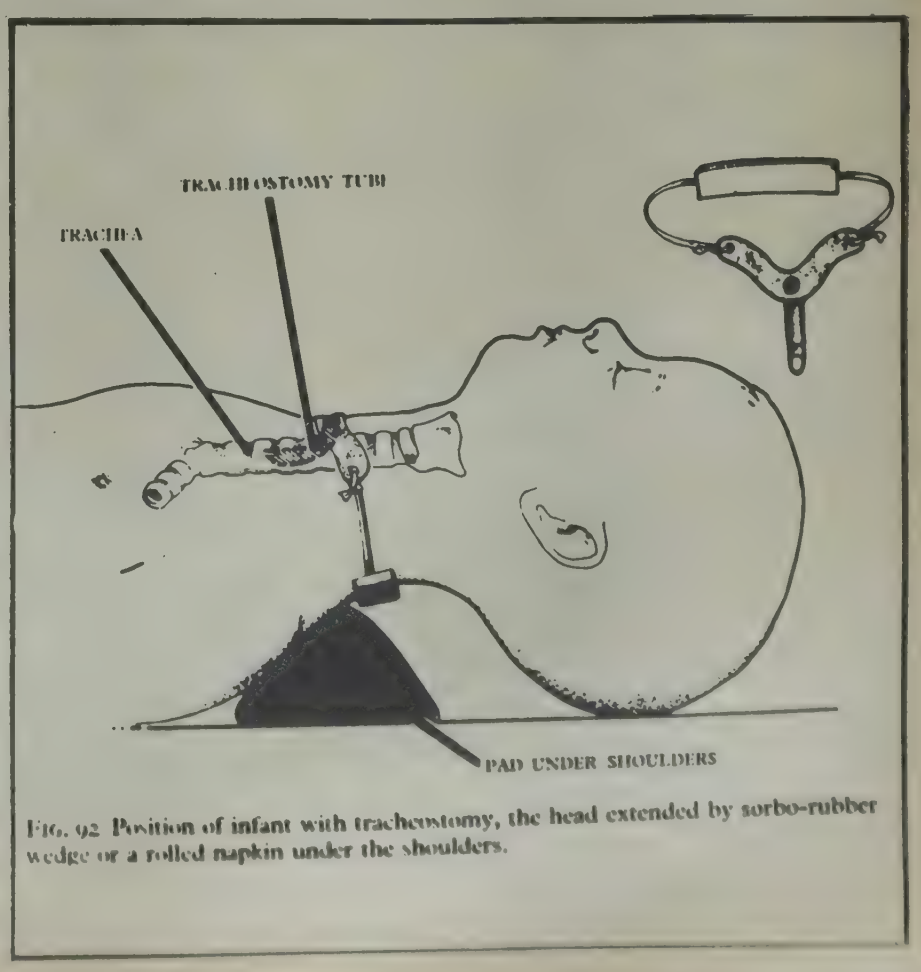


FIG. 92 Position of infant with tracheostomy, the head extended by sorbo-rubber wedge or a rolled napkin under the shoulders.

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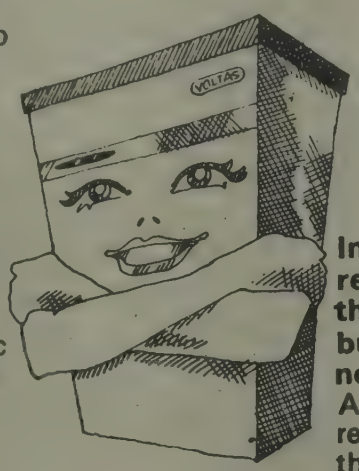
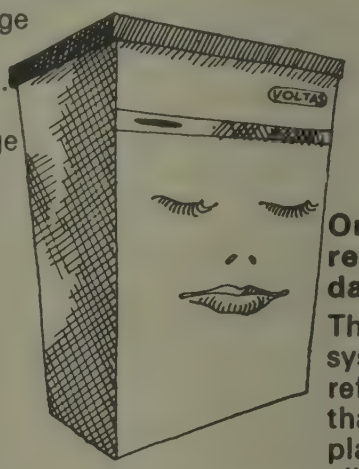
Look what you have to do while defrosting refrigerators with the so-called automatic defrosting systems: open the fridge door; push a button; close the door; and in most cases, empty the trays next morning.

Now, what's automatic about all these manual jobs?



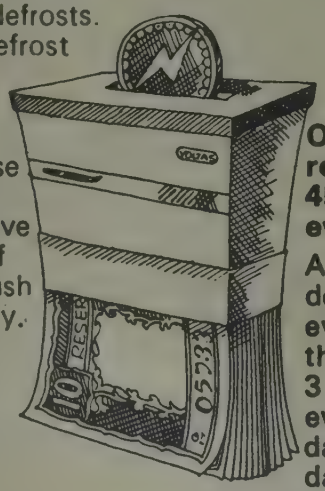
In a Voltas Opal refrigerator, there's no pushing buttons... no emptying trays.
A Voltas Opal refrigerator with the Auto-D system defrosts—all by itself.

How often should you defrost your fridge?
Daily defrosting is ideal. It allows your fridge to rest, while the excess frost melts. And the next morning your fridge springs back to life—relaxed and refreshed.



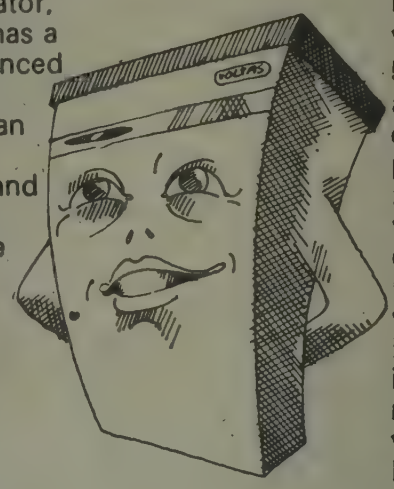
Only a Voltas Opal refrigerator defrosts daily—all by itself.
The unique Auto-D system in a Voltas Opal refrigerator makes sure that defrosting takes place every night—all by itself.

How to save on electricity...
A fridge doesn't consume electricity while it defrosts. So, the more you defrost your fridge the more you save on electricity.
However, in the case of other defrosting systems, you can save on electricity only if you remember to push the button every day.



Only a Voltas Opal refrigerator saves 45½ days of electricity every year—invariably.
A Voltas Opal refrigerator defrosts for 3 hours every night, throughout the year. So, you save 3 hours of electricity every day, for 365 days—a fabulous 45½ days saving on electricity every year.

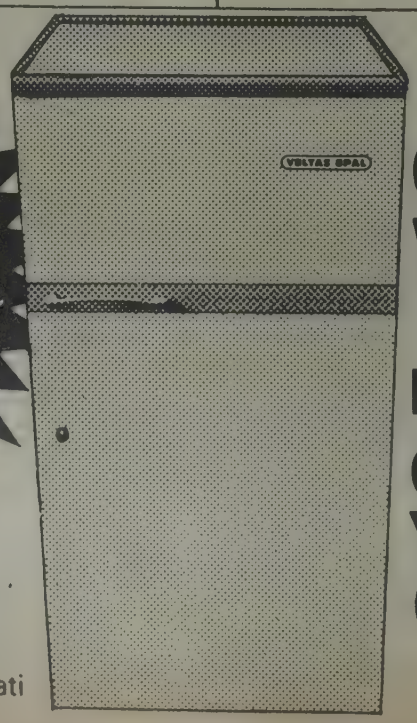
How to choose a refrigerator...
When you look for a good refrigerator, make sure it has a perfectly balanced refrigeration system with an efficient compressor, and a defrosting system where you don't have to push buttons or empty trays.



A Voltas Opal refrigerator—backed by 50 years of refrigeration expertise.
Voltas puts in all its 50 years of refrigeration and air conditioning expertise, to give you a perfectly balanced refrigeration system with a highly efficient compressor. And a unique Auto-D system which defrosts—all by itself. So, when you invest in a Voltas Opal refrigerator, you know you are getting the best of everything.

From **Voltas No.1** In keeping cool

Unique defrosting system.
Only a Voltas Opal refrigerator with Auto-D defrosts all by itself. The frost melts, and the water formed evaporates automatically. Thus giving the fridge a longer life.



Only a Voltas Opal refrigerator with Auto-D defrosts all by itself. You don't even have to open its door.

Available from approved Voltas dealers or contact:
VOLTAS LIMITED, Appliances Division
Bombay • Calcutta • New Delhi • Madras • Bangalore
Lucknow • Jamshedpur • Ahmedabad • Secunderabad
Patna • Cochin • Kanpur • Jaipur • Chandigarh • Gauhati

CASV-272.30S

HOARSENESS — NOT TO BE NEGLECTED

to do a slightly more elaborate process called the **Direct Laryngoscopy.** This process involves anaesthesia, often local, but preferably general. After making the patient unconscious, a metal tube with a light at its tip, called a **Laryngoscope,** is introduced through the mouth of the patient into the larynx, and the structures there are directly seen.

A newer technique called **Micro-Laryngoscopy** is quite an improvement on the above.

SOME COMMON CONDITIONS

The commonest condition that affects the larynx is **acute laryngitis.** This is an infection or irritation of the larynx produced by common conditions like **tonsilitis. sinusitis,** or **abuse of voice.** It can sometimes be part of a more serious disease, like **whooping cough** or **diphtheria.** Repeated attacks of acute laryngitis can also result in **chronic laryngitis.** Smoking leads to chronic irritation of the throat and heavy smokers often develop a rough voice. This condition is often referred to as the **Smoker's Throat.** A word of warning to the chronic smokers: they should not always lightly attribute hoarseness of voice to their smoking habits. They should consult a doctor if it persists.

TREATMENT

During the acute stages, the patient is given proper doses of antibiotics. Warm gargles are given to keep the mouth and throat clean, though they may not have a direct effect on the larynx. The most important part of the treatment is "Voice rest." Complete silence is not called for, but minimum use of the voice, and that too softly. The patient is also asked not to have cold drinks, ice-creams, etc. As far as the antiseptic throat lozenges are concerned, they are hardly any use. Most of them contain menthol, which produces dryness of the throat, and in some a small quantity of antibiotics may result in the development of resistant germs.

Due to the small size of the larynx in children, severe laryngitis may threaten the life of the children by producing obstruction to the air way, and often children have severe breathlessness and **stridor** (a whistling sound due to sucking the air through the laryngeal opening). This is a serious condition. Besides the usual treatment, swelling reducing medicines like **steroids** are given. Sometimes an opening in the neck, below the obstruction is necessary to save the life of the child. This is called **Tracheostomy.**

A sudden onset of stridor in a child who has been playing happily should arouse the suspicion that a foreign body might have got into the larynx, resulting in the obstruction of the air way. This is an emergency. The presence of the foreign body may lead to **laryngeal spasms.** In such cases, the only way of saving the child's life would be an immediate, on the spot tracheostomy by a doctor. The foreign body can be removed subsequently.

PARALYSIS OF THE VOCAL CORDS

When the muscles controlling the vocal cords are paralysed, the movements of the vocal cords are affected, resulting in hoarseness of voice and stridor, depending upon the extent of involvement. If both the vocal cords are paralyzed, they tend to sag and meet in the midline. This condition calls for a tracheostomy. If only one vocal cord is paralyzed, or the gap between the two vocal cords remains large enough then the voice will be poor but at least there will be enough room for breathing. Vocal cord paralysis may be caused by certain diseases like **tuberculosis, cancers of the neck and the thyroid** and **neuritis of the nerves** controlling the muscles due to the virus infection or otherwise.

The treatment of this condition depends upon the cause of the paralysis. In the case of simple neuritis of the nerves, the treatment consists of **cortico-steroids,** injections of vitamin B1, B6 and B12. If the paralysis persists, the patient is given speech therapy to improve the voice. In a case where the problem is of an obstructing nature requiring tracheostomy, surgery may be required to widen the larynx so that the obstruction is removed.

SINGER'S NODULE

There is a condition in professional people like singers, lawyers, politicians or teachers that is called **singer's nodule,** or **vocal nodule.** When a person talks for a long period and in a pitch higher than usual, the front part of the vocal cord is subject to excessive friction and strain, leading to the thickening of the lining of the vocal cord in the form of a nodule. These mechanically prevent the vocal cords from coming together effectively and vibrating properly thus producing hoarseness of voice.

The treatment of this condition depends upon the time when the patient reports to the doctor. In the early stages, when the nodules are just forming, the patient is asked to take voice rest and speak very little and softly. He is also advised speech therapy to control his voice. With this regime, relief usually follows. In the later stages, when the nodule is big, it is surgically removed with micro-laryngoscopy, and the patient is given speech therapy.

TUMOURS OF THE LARYNX

One of the commonest tumours in children is a big multiple benign tumour called **Papilloma.** The cause of this is not known, but it is thought to be due to a virus. The tumour looks like big warts on the skin. The child is faced with breathlessness, stridor and hoarseness and usually requires multiple excisions.

CANCER OF THE LARYNX

It has a varied presentation, varying from just a sensation to a foreign body in the throat to hoarseness, to breathlessness, to stridor to choking. The incidence of cancer in the larynx is higher in smokers.

Avoidance of some factors may help in the prevention of cancer of the larynx. One thing that can certainly help in early detection is the reporting of any adverse symptoms to the doctor.

In nine out of ten cases, it will probably be something harmless, but in the one case it could be malignancy, which should be detected early.

One of the methods of treating cancer in the early stages is X-ray therapy. The second is surgery where the entire larynx is removed and the air passage is opened out with a small hole in the neck. This is very mutilating. There is no fear of interference in swallowing, but the voice is completely lost in these cases. These patients can be helped by proper training, so that they learn to take air into their stomachs and produce speech through their food pipe — what we call **Oesophageal Speech.** Nowadays, there are several types of electronic gadgets available that can be used by such patients.

SOME HINTS AT VOCAL HYGIENE

No kind of throat infection should be neglected. It is good to speak softly during an attack of sore throat or common cold. Any misuse or over use of the voice should be avoided. Teachers should not speak writing on the black board or dusting it, lest chalk powder gets into the throat.

It is advisable not to take very hot and very cold drinks simultaneously, and too many condiments and chillis should be avoided. If a person is allergic to dust, he or she should avoid dusty atmospheres. It is also advisable to keep the throat wet when talking by taking sips of water in between. It is a bad habit to try to clear the throat by coughing, grunting, etc.

Only Odomos gives you sure 2-way protection from mosquito bites...

lets you enjoy a good night's sleep.

Odomos protects you like no other mosquito repellent can:

1

Its smell keeps mosquitoes away.

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Its unique ingredient shields your skin against mosquitoes — all through the night.

No wonder, Odomos is the largest-selling mosquito repellent in India today.

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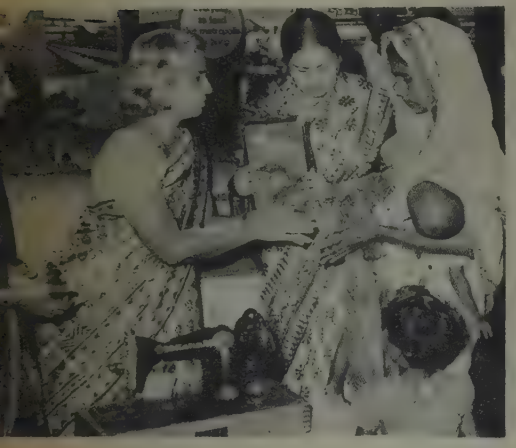
CHAITRA-BLS-86

people and events

Seen at the Syrian National Day celebrations in Bombay organised by the Consul General for Syria, Mr. Sobhi El-Ejel and Mrs. Ejel, are from left, Mr. S. Agier, Consul General for Afghanistan, Mrs. Emina, wife of the Italian Consul General, Mrs. Agier, Mr. S. Horino, Consul General for Japan, Mrs. El-Ejel, Mr. Sobhi El-Ejel, Mrs. Horino and Mrs. Madon, wife of Justice Madon.

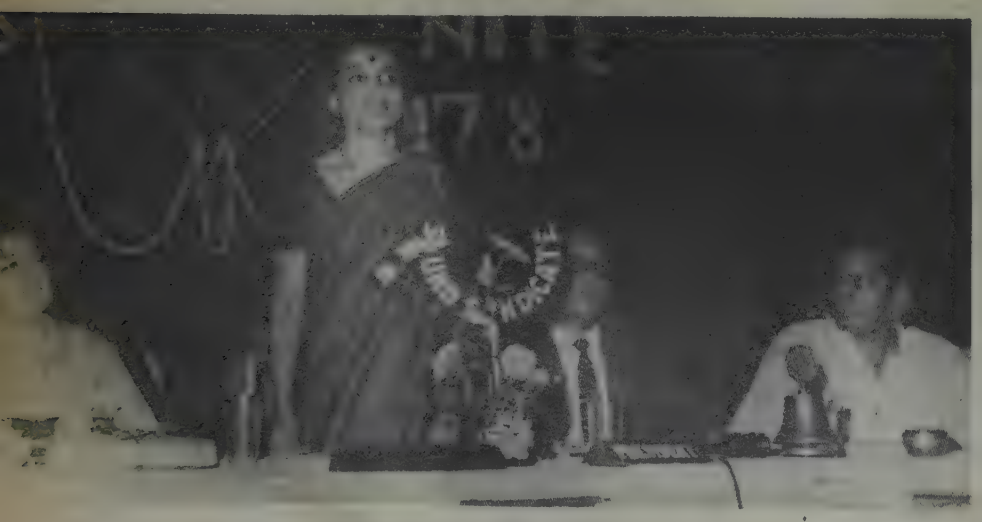
ABOVE: Saira Banu, chief guest, lights the lamp and inaugurates the 2nd showroom of Kapoor Lampshades Co. in Bombay. Seen on the occasion are from left Mr. Ram Batra, one of the owners of Kapoor Lampshades, Mrs. Shakuntala Kapoor, Mrs. Patel. Mr. Rajni Patel and chief guest Dilip Kumar. Mr. Kiran Kapoor and Mr. O. P. Kapoor can be seen at the back.



Mrs. Pramila Dandavate handing over the key of the sewing machine to the widow of a gangman who died recently while on duty. Mrs. Lakshmi Padmanabhan, pres., Eastern Railway Women's Orgn., Calcutta, is at ext. left.

ABOVE: Mr. Fakhruddin Khorakiwalla, Chairman, Akbarally's, Bombay, crowns Miss Neeta Dhurandhar "Matchbox Champion" of the "Light A Light" matchbox competition organized by the Revenue Unit of the NAB in Bombay. Mrs. Shalinitai Patil, wife of Maharashtra's CM and chief guest at the prize-giving function, is in the centre.

LEFT: Topaz Talcum Beauty Contest winner Anita Mehta receives her gifts at the Galaxy Ball held in Bombay in aid of the U.C.D.C. charities, from Mr. V. P. Malhotra of Malhotra Int. Ltd., makers of Super Max sandwich blades, and sponsors of the Galaxy Ball '78.



Seen at the Lion Ladies Nite held in Hyderabad are, from left, chief guest Mrs. Bilkiz Alladin, Lion Lady president Chitra Radhakrishnan (standing), Lion president Mr. G. N. Radhakrishna, and secretary Mr. Balasubramanium.

Mrs. Chandra Govind Narain (ext. left) inaugurated an exhibition of white cedar carvings by Mrs. Chandra Jain (ext. right) in Bangalore. Karnataka Governor Mr. Govind Narain is 2nd from left.

bombay

Mrs. Shalinitai Patil, wife of the Chief Minister of Maharashtra, was the chief guest at the prize distribution function of "Light A Light — Matchbox Competition" organised by the Revenue Unit of the National Association for the Blind and sponsored by Akbarally's Department Store.

2,237 children from 12 schools in Bombay city participated in this novel fund raising drive and raised a sum of Rs. 59.228.44. The children had to fill an empty Wimco matchbox, with as many items as possible.

Mrs. Patil complimented Akbarally's for aiding a worthy cause. She also commended the principals of the participating schools for having encouraged their children to join the competition and help the blind. Mrs. Patil then presented a contribution of Rs. 1001 to Mrs. Bakul R. Patel, chairman of the Revenue Unit.

Neeta Dhurandhar of the Lady Vissanji Girls Academy, Andheri was declared the Matchbox Champion for having collected 229 items in her matchbox. Ajay Patel of Our Lady of Perpetual Help School, Chembur, was crowned the Matchbox Maharaja for his collection of Rs. 837.

* * *

The 28th Biennial Conference of the Maharashtra State Women's Council on "Our Deteriorating City" was inaugurated by the Governor of Maharashtra, Mr. Sadiq Ali. In his speech he emphasised that urban renewal and rural development must be inter-related when planning for the future. Delivering the key-note address, Dr. Raja Ramanna, Director, Bhabha Atomic Research Centre bemoaned that Bombay was fast becoming decadent. But, he said, the situation was not irreversible if proper steps were taken expeditiously.

Mrs. Saroj Apte, then Pres. of the Council, welcomed the gathering and Mrs. Usha Sathe, then Vice-President, proposed the vote of thanks.

* * *

Celebrating its 15th anniversary, the Pundole Art Gallery held an exhibition of watercolour paintings by M. F. Husain. About 30 paintings were on view on the Sufi theme. Executed in subdued shades, solemnity was the keynote of all the compositions.

To coincide with the anniversary, the Centaur Art Gallery was opened at the Centaur Hotel, with an inaugural show of Husain's oil paintings on the "Ragmala" theme.

Mobile Creches is a voluntary women's organisation which was started in 1969 at Delhi, in response to the need of the neglected child. It was started in Bombay in 1972. Currently, there are 17 creche schools in Bombay coverering about 1300 children.

Mobile Creches cater to the children of migrant construction workers.

Mobile Creches are set up in a construction site or in a slum. They are "Mobile", because the creche moves with the construction workers.

Children from the age of two weeks to 12 years are cared for. The core services are supplementary nutrition, health and immunisation, nonformal education and encouragement of creative arts.

It costs Rs. 40 per month to look after one child and Rs. 480 per year per child. To raise funds they have arranged a musical nite by Yesudas on June 5 at Shanmukhananda Hall. Mrs. Shanti Sadiq Ali, wife of Maharashtra's Governor who will be chief guest at the function, inspected one such creche at the new Council Hall and commended the organisation on their work.

calcutta

Mrs. Pramila Dandavate, wife of the Union Railway Minister, Mr. Madhu Dandavate, inaugurated a welfare scheme launched by the Eastern Railway Women's Organisation, for the economic rehabilitation of the indigent widows of railway men who died at work.

Mrs. Lakshmi Padmanabhan, President of the Eastern Railway Women's Organisation and wife of the General Manager, Eastern Railways, presented a cheque of Rs. 50,000 on behalf of the Organisation to the Railway Minister for his Relief Fund.

hyderabad

The Lion Ladies Wing of Secunderabad Cantonment held their Ladies' Nite at the Percy's Hotel to coincide with the 10th Anniversary of the Club. President Chitra Radhakrishnan conducted the meeting and Mrs. Bilkiz Alladin, chief guest, gave a humorous talk on women and children.

RAJIKA KIRPALANI YOUNG JOURNALIST AWARD 1978

The trustees of the "Rajika Education Trust" are pleased to announce the above award for promotion and encouragement of young Indian writers. The terms and conditions of the Award and other prizes will be as follows:

1. The Award will be open to both male and female journalists of Indian nationality only.
2. Age limit of the contestants will be 27 years.
3. The Award will consist of a prize of Rs. 1000 and a bronze trophy.
4. A number of special prizes shall also be given at the discretion of the judges with a view to encouraging promising young talent.
5. ONLY NON FICTION WORK (POETRY TO BE EXCLUDED), published in Indian or foreign magazines and publications by writers of Indian nationality only will be considered for the awards.
6. Minimum of 5 (five entries but not more than ten) should be submitted.
7. Period of publication of the entries will be July 1 1977 to June 15 1978.
8. The last date for receiving entries will be June 30 1978.
9. Full address with proof of age and nationality along with biodata is essential.
10. Entries to be addressed to:
    Rajika Education Trust
    17, Vaswani Mansion,
    120 Dinshaw Vatcha Rd.,
    Opp. K. C. College,
    Bombay-400 020.
11. Entries will be returned on request.
12. Decision of the judges will be final.
13. Evaluation will be done on the basis of originality, versatility, style and content.
14. The awards and special prizes will be given on August 17, 1978 (the birth date of late Rajika Kirpalani).

world of eve

LAKSHMI PAL

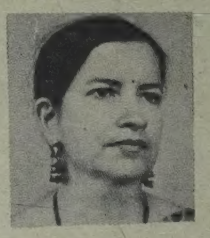
Lakshmi Pal, the only woman selected to teach the Method of Instruction Course at the Manali Mountaineering Institute, is the first woman from Bengal to be so chosen.

Miss Pal's interest in mountaineering started at the Himalayan Mountaineering Institute at Darjeeling. Completing the Course with an 'A' grade, she went on to climb peak after peak. She took part in the all-woman expedition organised by 'Pathikrit' the women climbers' association of Bengal, and climbed Ronti Peak at 19.893 feet in Garwal in the Himalayas. Next year, fortified by advanced courses at Darjeeling and the Nehru Institute at Uttar Kashi, she climbed a peak 21,000 ft. high.

Miss Pal was the deputy leader in both the Sigri expeditions at Kulu Lahal. She received the Suresh Memorial scholarship for the Method Instruction Course at Manali.

The Manali Institute offered her the post of instructress but she had by then chosen the police service as her career. She is now a police officer in Calcutta.

Her hobbies are judo, rowing and rifle-shooting.



KISHORE KINGER

At 47, Kishore Kinger is a vibrant and friendly social worker. Born in an affluent Sindhi family in Shikarpur, near Sind, she left her home in 1947 and became a refugee. After her marriage in Bangalore the couple settled in Calicut.

Mrs. Kinger recalls proudly how her father-in-law encouraged her to take up social work from which she had been prevented by the orthodox section of her community. Her first act in Calicut was raising funds for setting up the Gandhi Griha in memory of Gandhiji. Since then she has worked actively in bodies like the Kerala Blind Relief Association, the Women's Council, Y.W.C.A. and the District Flood Relief committee.

Her passion now is to help victims of leprosy in Calicut. She has visited the only leprosy hospital here, and is trying to build a Home for victims and a **balamandir** for orphans.

hi ya honey!

By an Alves called Johnnie

WHEN I AM DEAD DON'T LOWER ME IN THE GRAVE — THE GADGET MAY GET STUCK

Honey, what do I get out of my television set for which I paid nearly Rs. 4000 three years ago? You tell me. Would you say I get Rs. 400 worth of programmes a year as interest? Tell me another. I don't even get enough to compensate for the expenses on repair bills. I watch the sports round-up, although I have to listen to some commentator stutter his way through a kho-kho or volley-ball game. Sometimes I watch Chaya Geet, just to recall the hash we saw some twenty-five years ago. It all works up to admiring a beautiful lady's cute little nose and being a bloody fool to spend a fortune and marry the whole girl. So much for modern conveniences and the inconveniences they cause.

A friend of mine sold a beautiful little cottage because someone offered him a penthouse flat in exchange and enough cash to buy a car. "You see the countryside and enjoy the sight of the western sea from the 16th floor and the breeze will be heavenly." With the lift rarely working, my friend spends most of his time in the garage downstairs which he has equipped with a bed and an easy-chair. What is worse, an old lady drops in for a chat and pesters him with her ailments. The car does not run either.

Yesterday, at a party, a long haired, flare-panted fresh arrival from Dubai was showing off his ultra modern electronic digital watch. The way he was going on about his prize possession, one would imagine he had just married a beautiful Dutch princess and was showing her off. "Just see," he was boasting to all admirers. "I press this button once, and I can see the minutes and seconds. I press it a second time and I can tell the hour. Another press on the pink button and I know what day and date it is." Then he puts on a broad smile and watches the peasants around him admire his new gadget.

In the stillness that prevailed I said, "For crying out loud, what's so grand about your watch? Look at my Indian-made H.M.T. At one glance and without taking the trouble to press any buttons. I can see the date, day, hour, minutes and seconds; with its luminous dial, I don't need a torch at night." While he winced, and the girls shifted their admiring gaze on to me, I put in the coup de grace, "And if anything should ever go wrong, parts are available for a song. While he will have to just press another button."

A well-known pen manufacturer recently came up with this advertisement: "Buy Leaker. The only pen that can write 10,000 feet below water." Ever since my school days, I remember buying pens that write on paper here on the ground where it's needed — unless you want to sign a cheque to pay your debts while you are on your way to a watery grave.

We have refrigerators that defrost themselves, but who will have them clean and wipe after defrosting? We have automatic toasters that either burn your slices or leave them undone. My cooking gas cylinder always gets empty in the middle of cooking a meal or on a Sunday morning when the shops are closed. My servant has just to add a few chunks of coal to keep her fire burning. My father had a calendar on a single sheet that showed 12 months of the year — no need to turn or tear away pages. Today one has to change monthly, weekly or daily and it's seldom done. The one in my room still shows Jan. 1, 1978.

When I was promoted, my office gave me a tilting chair with wheels. Now I hold the table while I write, lest I get wheeled away.

My wife bought a modern mixer, but the "Ganga" still grinds the masala. She (my wife) has a potato peeler, but I am told potatoes are healthy with their jackets on. She has an onion slicer, she still weeps, knife in hand. We have an automatic egg beater that hatches away in the show case.

To crown it all, my friend, who is a pilot in Air-India, invited me over to show me his brand new gadget that sweeps, swabs and dries the floor. It washes dishes and clothes as well. It is called The Automatic Companion. For Christ's sake! I married one 25 years ago, and it hasn't stopped working.

Until the next time then!

next week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF MAY 27, 1978

The marriage "season" is on, with all the attendant fun and frolic. There is much to be enjoyed in the gaiety and colour of the traditional wedding ceremonies performed by the different communities in the country.

However, there are some customs and rituals that require scrutiny and condemnation in that they are retrograde and unnecessarily reinforce outmoded notions about the woman being a lesser being than the man.

At the risk of being called wet-blankets, therefore, we present an issue examining such customs and rituals.

ALSO

Special fashion feature on bridal attire and accessories.

Concluding chapter of the murder serial, "Trapped."

Plus all our regular features.

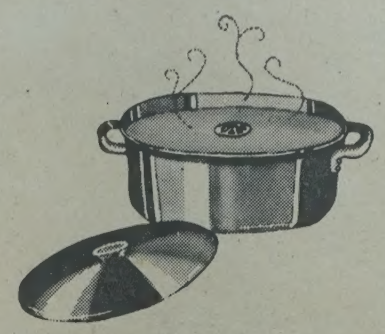
SUNDAY

Kheema Pulao

MONDAY

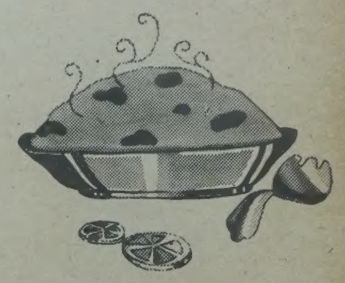
Kheema Peas

TUESDAY



Mutton Kurma

WEDNESDAY

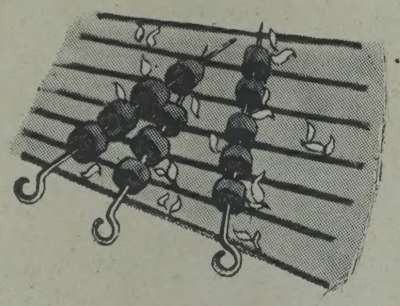


Biryani

THURSDAY

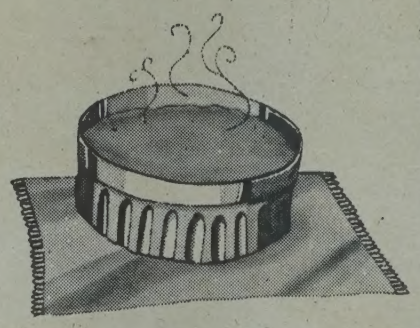
Roghan Josh

FRIDAY



Kababs

SATURDAY



Mutton Palak

THE MEALMAKER ECONOMY

If you usually make a ½ kg mutton dish for a family of 5 or 6 members, you can now take ½ kg. meat (approx. cost Rs. 3.50) add 60 gms. *MEALMAKER* (approx. cost Rs. 1.20) which when cooked equals ½ kg. of Kheema Peas or Roghan Josh even Kababs . . . . while you save approximately Rs. 16.00 a week without stinting on your menu! Your family gets even more nourishment than before.

A 250 gms. carton of *MEALMAKER* costs Rs. 4.50 plus local taxes and equals 1 kg. of boneless mutton when cooked.

How to serve a meaty dinner everyday and stay well within your budget

You have a family that loves meaty meals. And you have a budget that groans at the price of mutton these days. What do you do?

Clever housewives are discovering new *MEALMAKER*.

MEALMAKER is a textured vegetable protein, extruded to look, taste and feel exactly like mutton. It is brimming with concentrated Soya Proteins and wholesome nourishment. Anything you can cook with mutton you can now cook with a little mutton and a little Mealmaker and make it go twice as far in taste and satisfaction at one third the cost.

Add 60 gms. of *MEALMAKER* to ½ kg. of mutton to make ½ kg. dish of mutton where you cannot tell the delicious difference. *MEALMAKER* reconstitutes itself to three times its size and weight when cooked. The more *MEALMAKER* you serve, the more you save. Count your savings at the end of a week full of meaty dinners.

AND IF YOU ARE VEGETARIAN —

MEALMAKER adds vital proteins to vegetarian diets. Cooked by itself, it makes delicious vegetarian dishes and snacks.

MEALMAKER has practically no fats, cholestrol or saccharides content which makes it the ideal food for diabetics, heart patients slimmers, growing children and pregnant mothers.

Mealmaker
The delicious meat extender

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